McKean County Miner.

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FRANK GODINO, THE ITALIAN, MUST HANG.

Board of Pardons Refuse to Commute His Sentence.

THE DAY WILL SOON BE SET.

His Case was Argued Before the Board a Week Ago—Decision Handed Down last Thursday—Godino Has Not Been Informed.

Frank Godino, the young Italian who in company with three pals, murdered Guiseppi Tiberi at Coryville last March, has been refused a commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment by the State Board of Pardons which met at Harrisburg on Wednesday of last week and he now lies in jail awaiting the time when he must pay the penalty of his crime by hanging.

The case was argued at the time stated above, Thomas H. Morrison appearing for the condemned man and District Attorney Guy B. Mayo appearing for the Commonwealth, and the following day the Board of Pardons handed down their decision refusing to commute his sentence to life imprisonment.

Godino has not as yet been informed as to the action of the Board of Pardons because it is feared that when he learns that his last hope is gone that he will make a scene and cause more or less trouble for those connected with the jail. We understand that an effort will be made to keep this from him until the day is named by the governor for his execution. The day will probably be set in a short time.

Before the execution takes place it is more than likely that a jail yard will have to be built in which to build the scaffold. When the new steel cells were placed in the jail there was no provision made for erecting a scaffold and it is doubtful if a place can be found where one can be erected. The law reads that a condemned person must be hanged within the walls of the jail or the yard thereof and therefore it is likely that a yard will have to be built.

New Industry for Smethport.

At the present time the prospects look very bright for a new industry in this borough in the near future. The industry in mind is a cutlery plant and we have every reason to think that a factory will be located here that will employ between 25 and 50 hands on the start and gradually work up to a much larger concern.

Orlo J. Hamlin and T. H. Pancoast returned the first of the week from a trip East where they were looking over the situation and they report favorably. Last night a preliminary meeting was held by a number of those interested and another meeting will be held tonight, when it is expected that some definite action will be taken.

The proposed concern will be financed almost entirely by local capital and we have been informed that a good percentage of the stock has already been pledged. Every man interested in the welfare of Smethport should take an active interest in this matter and there should be no trouble in raising the required amount of money to start this industry at once.

Was Not O'Toole.

A dispatch from Pittsburg to the Bradford Era, dated Dec. 23, stated that a man was arrested at Rankin, Pa., a suburb, on a charge of drunkenness, who had been identified as Thomas O'Toole, who murdered Leroy Barber, a former resident of Smethport, at New Castle about a year ago. The authorities of New Castle went to Rankin and they soon learned that the man in custody was not O'Toole.

O'Toole has been extremely successful in escaping and eluding the police. After he committed the murder he escaped and it was a long time before he was captured. He was tried and found guilty of murder in the first degree, but some five months ago succeeded in cutting his way out of the New Castle jail and has eluded the police ever since, although there has been a large reward offered for his arrest.

A writer of the present day says that a better school hose for boys and girls cannot be produced for 15c than the Bear Skin. Lindholm's.

Many goods at cost at store of D. C. Young to reduce stock for spring goods. Call and look over bargains.

"Munsing Union Suits" for men, women and children. A necessity for comfort, at Lindholm's.

Before buying a suit case or traveling bag call and look over my stock.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

Fit your children with "Maloney" shoes and insure them foot comfort.
At Lindholm's.

The Acme Cushion Sole Shoe for Ladies, at Rubin's Shoe Store.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Christmas at the Churches.

The joyous Christmas season, not only joyous to the young but to the old as well, was fittingly and appropriately observed at the several churches in this borough.

Monday evening was a happy one for the little ones at St. Luke's, the Methodist and the Baptist churches. At each of these churches there were Christmas trees laden with gifts for them, and the hearts of many little ones—and some older ones, too—were made glad. To make the occasion more beautiful and joyous suitable Christmas carols were sung.

At the Methodist and Baptist churches no services were held on Christmas day, but the Sunday previous had been observed. Special music had been prepared and was excellently rendered by the choirs, while the pastors, Rev. W. A. Harris of the former, and Rev. T. D. Ware of the latter, preached powerful and entertaining sermons on the birth of Christ.

The services at St. Luke's on Christmas day began at 8 a. m. when a celebration of the Holy Eucharist took place. Many communicants attended beautiful and solemn service. At 10:30 a. m. occurred another celebration of the Holy Eucharist. This service was augmented by special music of a standard of excellence for which the choir of this church is so well noted. Rev. J. H. McCandless, the rector, delivered a glowing address, telling the story of the birth of Christ and pointing out the true meaning of the day.

The services in the other churches were in keeping with the day.

Badly Beaten by Holdup Men.

A dispatch from Olean, dated Dec. 23, says: Two burglaries and a holdup in the northern part of the city were reported yesterday morning. The victim of the holdup, Charley Meloy, was badly injured and may not recover, owing to his age. Mr. Meloy, who was until recently the proprietor of the Olean Ledger, was accosted by a man about midnight, and almost immediately knocked down with a club. His nose was broken by the blow and after he was down his assailant kicked him into insensibility and rifled his pockets.

The burglaries occurred at Foss Bros.' grocery store and at the general store of Phillips & Keenan. In the former place the burglars got some cigars and a little money. They were frightened away from the latter store before they got anything.

Jurors Were Chastized.

A sensational denouement followed the trial of Tom Randolph for larceny as bailee Monday afternoon when the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Judge Ormerod had charged strongly for conviction and his wrath was kindled by a decision contrary to his sense of justice as applied to the case on trial. He told the jurors that they were discharged from further attendance at this court and that they could draw but one day's pay.

It is said that the jurymen were unanimous in the opinion that the defendant Randolph had not been proven guilty of intentionally committing a crime, and they feel keenly the chastisement put upon them by the court for not following the judge's opinion in place of their own.—Potter County Journal.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending December 22, 1906:

Mrs. Susie Kelly, C. F. Lane, Miss Evalyn McKendrick, Geo. W. Morse, Mrs. Mabel Pary, John Robinson, Miss Meen Sullivan, Miss Lillian Smith, Miss Anna Smith, William Smith, Lizzie Smith.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. for the election of five directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 100 Main Street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, the 8th day of January, 1907, at 3 o'clock p. m.
R. E. BURDICK, Sec'y.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 10, 1907.

Fine Fall Millinery.

For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my headgear.
CARRIE REILLY CLARK.

A suit case or a traveling bag makes an excellent gift at any time. My line is complete and the best.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

"Queen Quality" is as the name denotes the highest quality. Insist on being fitted with Queen Quality shoes.
At Lindholm's.

Bargains in boots and shoes at store of D. C. Young, to reduce stock.

The Acme Cushion Sole Shoe for Ladies, at Rubin's Shoe Store.

Nice hand picked apples at store of D. C. Young, 75c bushel.

On New Year's Morning

MARY awoke in the early dawn of New Year's morning with an idea. This was most unfortunate for John, but he, with no premonition of impending disaster, slept in the same early dawn the sleep of the man whose best girl lives in the suburbs and who doesn't reach his downy couch until 2 a. m.

Presently the front doorbell clanged, and John was roused from sweet dreams to be informed that he was wanted at the nearest pay station to receive a long distance message.

A long distance message! As he tumbled out of bed in the chill early morning and hastily got into a few clothes John reviewed in his mind every long distance relative he owned and each long distance investment he had made, prepared to learn of the death of all the former and of the total collapse of each of the latter.

At last, shivering with apprehension as well as with cold, he reached the pay station and sent a trembling "Hello!" through the phone.

The vocabulary of the party of the other part seemed to be limited to the one word "Hello!" and it was not until John's patience was almost exhausted that he recognized the voice as Mary's. He demanded in agitated tones, "What's the matter?"

"Letter?" said Mary. "I didn't get any letter. Did you write to me after you got home last night?"

"At 2 o'clock!" roared John. "Well, I guess not. I said matter. What—is—the—matter? What brings you out so early in the morning?"

"I'm not out," laughed Mary. "Didn't you know we had had a telephone

"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

put in the house? It's right outside my door. It's so convenient."

"Convenient!" growled John, his alarm giving way to rage.

"Yes," Mary prattled on; "I can call you up any time now—day or night."

"What a delightful prospect!"

"Isn't it? And"— Mary's voice was suddenly cut off by a babel of "centrals," and John was about to hang up the receiver in disgust when it occurred to him that possibly Mary did have something important to say, and so he waited until the line cleared and again said "Hello!"

"Hello!" answered Mary.

"Oh, hol"—

"Why, John!"

—"lo, I mean. But, Mary, for heaven's sake, say what you've got to say and let me get back to bed!"

"Why, John, you sound real cross."

"That's strange too. Getting a man out of bed before daylight and making him wade through half a mile of snowdrifts is so conducive to angelic amiability."

"And now you're sarcastic! I—I think you're perfectly horrid!"

"Did you call me up to tell me that? If so, you could have done it cheaper by mail," said John coldly. Even the three distinct sobs that the receiver conveyed to him did not soften his heart. He merely calculated that each of these sobs was probably costing his future father-in-law a quarter.

"Well, Mary, if you really haven't anything to say"— John was preparing at last to hang up the receiver when Mary's voice again struggled through her sobs:

"B-but I have!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, say it!"

"It was only that—you're a mean, ungrateful thing—it was only that I wanted to wish you a happy New Year, but I won't do it now. I thought you'd be so pleased to know I had thought of you the first thing in the morning, and now I'll never"—

"Hello! Through, 740 River?" called Central.

"Yes," said John emphatically.—New York Press.

Dade's Little Liver Pills thoroughly clean the system, good for lazy livers, makes clear complexions, bright eyes and happy thoughts. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

For Sale or Rent.

Mrs. Mary Brandt offers her house on King street for sale or rent. For further particulars inquire of
E. L. KEENAN.

Dr. Reed's E. Z. Cushion Sole Shoe for Men at Rubin's.

WHITEWASHING THE BOOKS.

Interesting New Year's Ceremony on Uncle Sam's Warships.

There is a sort of modification of a round robin custom still clung to in the navy—the request for a "whitewashing of the books." It was inaugurated many years ago by the men whose misconduct or delinquency caused their names to be inscribed on the bad conduct class lists, who were therefore not permitted to go ashore for months at a time. On New Year's morning on many of the ships of the United States navy the men thus quarantined aboard ship assemble at the mast and request permission of the officer of the deck to have a powwow with the commanding officer. The skipper appears at the mast, and one of the men, selected by lot for the job, steps out of the ranks of the delinquents and hands to the commanding officer a tin pail filled with freshly made whitewash, with a new whitewash brush stuck in it. All commanding officers understand the meaning of this funny pantomime without a word being spoken. Put in words it means this:

"Please, sir, Mr. Commanding Officer Man, will you be good enough to whitewash the bad conduct books on this first day of a new year, on condition that we be good henceforth and forever, time without end, and let us fellows get off this blooming old packet and go ashore and stretch our legs and have fun with ourselves, like the fellows whose names are not down on the bad conduct books?"

The bland pantomimic fashion of asking a big favor en masse at the hands of the skipper very often succeeds. If the commanding officer accepts the bucket of whitewash at the hands of the man who extends it to him the man may generally know that he intends to accede to their request, but if he does not accept it and tells the man to put it down on the deck, adding that he will give the matter his consideration, the men correctly conclude that they haven't made their little game of wheedling go through.—Washington Star.

UNCLE SAM'S GREETING.

How the Naval Observatory Wishes the World "Happy New Year."

Once a year, at New Year's, the United States naval observatory at Washington allows itself a little diversion that requires a good deal of trouble to arrange. At midnight on New Year's eve the scientists of the institution send a telegraphic greeting around the world.

The scheme is prearranged with the telegraph, cable and telephone companies, and the progress of the message from point to point is indicated on a large map of the world, 21 by 42 feet, by the flashing of little electric lamps. The speed with which the message can be transmitted to various points has been observed and recorded.

For example, the Lick observatory in California is reached in no time at all—five-hundredths of a second—the Tacubaya observatory in Mexico in eleven-hundredths of a second, Manila in thirty-seven-hundredths of a second, Greenwich, England, in 1.33 seconds, the coast survey station, Alaska, in 1.7 seconds, and the Cordoba observatory, Argentina, in 7.7 seconds.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Peter Stuyvesant's New Year.

The custom of celebrating New Year's day in our own country is largely due to the Dutch. Old Peter Stuyvesant made much of the day, and cheery assemblages were held at the governor's home in New Amsterdam. The Dutch method of kissing the women for "a happy new year" was observed and toll taken of all who were young and handsome. In fact, during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly boldssed country in all Christendom and formed a marked contrast to the staid Puritans, who thought the observance of this day savored strongly of reverence for the god Janus and who made no note of their first New Year's day in the new world save to record, "We went to work betimes."—New York Evening Post.

New Year's Bells.

In England the year is ushered in by a peal of bells bursting forth upon the midnight air from every steeple far and near, telling the people that they are on the threshold of another twelvemonth. Charles Lamb said of these bells: "Of all sounds of all bells—bells the music nighest bordering on heaven—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear them without a gathering up to a concentration of all the images that have diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered in that regretted time I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies."—New York Evening Post.

New Year's In Caesar's Time.

At the Roman festivals of the god Janus, held on the calendar of January, gifts and good wishes were exchanged, friends met together, and feasting and dancing, masking and mumming were the order of the day. January derives its name from the god Janus, who was represented with two faces looking in opposite directions, as the month was considered both to look back upon the past year and forward to that which was coming.—Buffalo Times.

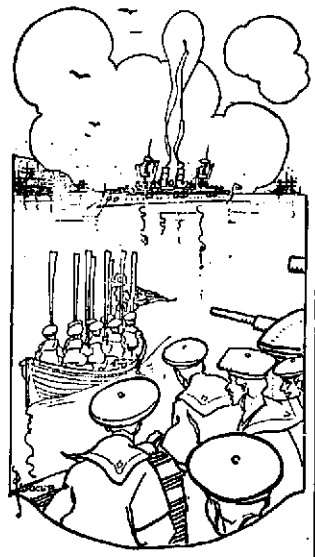
Found—A complete stock of Munsing Union suits at Lindholm's.

Subscribe for the Miner.

An International Boat Race

ONCE when the cruiser Philadelphia was in Panama waters her crew decided to celebrate the New Year by challenging the men of a British war vessel to a rowing race. It is not uncommon for such contests to be arranged between ships of the same navy, but an international struggle of the sort is unusual enough to arouse great enthusiasm. In this case the fact that the race was to be the beginning of the day's festivities made it an event of prime importance.

As is customary, the challengers selected their boatmen and asked permission from the Philadelphia's captain to visit the British cruiser. Lowering their boat, an eight oared one, the delegates then rowed straight toward the



THEY SILENTLY LIFTED THEIR OARS.

foreigner. When they came alongside they silently lifted their oars until the blades pointed skyward. In nautical language that meant:

"Have you got the nerve to match your skill and strength against ours?"

The answer was signaled affirmatively, and the challengers rowed back. After that the arrangements for the details of the race were left to the officers of the respective vessels. It is an interesting fact that the sailors, in a situation of this kind, have implicit faith that their superiors will do the right thing. They are even willing to trust in the officers of the rival cruiser. The Americans of the Philadelphia, for instance, were willing for the British officers to umpire or make the rules, and the Britishers were equally trustful of the Philadelphia's officers. It is always so, and if a sailor is making a wager on the contest he does not hesitate to leave his money with a lieutenant or cadet of the "hostile" vessel.

Over this race there was plenty of betting. The men put up all their accumulated pay, and the younger officers risked most of theirs. The gambling, in fact, came first in the preparation, and not until the money had been put up did the men begin to confer over the rules, the distance and the sort of boat to be used.

When they had decided to race over a three mile straightaway course it was discovered that the Philadelphia's small boats were of different measurements from those of the Britisher. Consequently one crew or the other must use a craft belonging to the opposing vessel. The Americans made this proposition:

"We'll let you take your choice of all our boats."

This was accepted. A committee came over to the Philadelphia and made a choice. The Britishers chose the worst boat on board!

The outcome was an overwhelming defeat for the Britons, and for a week thereafter the port was in the hands of the Yankee tars spending their ill gotten English gold.—New York Times.

The Promise of the New Year.

The best promise of the new year is a more perfect realization of the organic unity of humanity. I hope that men are slowly learning that "no man liveth unto himself;" that "we are members of one another." For some centuries we have been moving "from status to contract," and society has reaped large gains from the enfranchisement of the individual. Let us hope that the movement now in progress is from contract to fraternity, and that the enlarged powers of each will be employed with more and more of conscious purpose for the good of all.—Rev. Washington Gladden.

In France and Germany.

In France, where more presents are given at New Year's even than Christmas, family gatherings are held and healths drunk, while in the cafes in Paris many a gay little party may be seen seated at the tables drinking in the new year. A similar custom is now prevalent in Germany, where the wish is "Prosit Neu Jahr" ("May the New Year be happy").

For Sale.

A number of fine lots fronting on Main Street, in Smethport. These lots are 4 by 16 rods, nicely located, and will be sold at moderate prices and on easy terms of payment. Also a nice lot on Sank street. T. H. Morrison, Attorney

THE SCOTCH NEW YEAR.

Some Quaint Old Customs Still Strictly Adhered To.

New Year's is most enthusiastically observed by the canny Scot in his native land. In the homes of the poorer classes the best of good cheer is spread, his dearest friends are invited, and, whatever else may grace his table, the plum pudding, surrounded with mountain heather and the inevitable haggis, is there, and, if possible, a small keg of real "mountain dew" is placed conspicuously in the center of the table.

A bunch of mistletoe is not far off, and no guests are permitted to leave their seats until the keg has been emptied of its contents, customs strongly savoring of paganism without doubt and handed down from heathen ancestors, who were nevertheless, in their own time and way, good men and true.

It is a custom on New Year's day among many of the country squires and wealthy farmers in the north of Scotland to organize hunting parties. On such outings the plum pudding is included in the bill of fare. Instead, however, of having the pudding made before starting out it is customary to take the ingredients along, mix them and boil in a pot slung over a log fire at the camping ground.

A custom which is generally observed by the working classes is what is called "first footing." At all hours of the early morning of the first day of the new year an effort is made to be first to call at their friends at their homes. The one who is lucky enough to be the first caller on his friend is invited to partake of short bread cake and a nip of whisky after the usual handshake and a "Guaw New Year." It is no uncommon thing to see a family of five or six leave their country home about 10 o'clock at night and walk three or four miles in a snowstorm in order to "first foot" their relatives or friends living in the city.

The birth of the new year is announced in the towns and cities by the striking of the local town hall clock on the hour of 12 and followed by the ringing of the church bells. Long before the approach of 12 o'clock great crowds of people surround the city hall and eagerly watch the big hand of the clock as it approaches the last hour of the old year. Every one in the big crowd has a bottle of some description in his possession. Immediately the big hand of the clock marks the first stroke of 12 every bottle is thrown simultaneously against the walls of the hall, followed by a tremendous crash. This is an ancient custom, but it is now rapidly dying out. It is still practiced, however, every New Year eve against the old gray walls of the Tron church in Edinburgh, the capital.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fasting and Prayer at Thermopylae.

Fasting and praying on New Year's day as a period of mourning are not common observances, but for many years after the Turkish conquest of Greece patriotic Greeks gathered in the pass of Thermopylae to pray for deliverance from Ottoman rule. In the same spirit the Servians and other Christians in western Turkey held New Year prayer service on the field of Co[illegible] in memory of the great defeats of Christian armies by the Turks, for the Turks, too, had their New Year [illegible] and prayer. For nearly 200 years after the battle of Lepanto [illegible] from the Christian towers, when on New Year's day calling the faithful to prayer, added "Remember the souls of those who died at Lepanto," an appropriate addition, for even the Turkish historians dated the decline of the empire from the famous victory won by Don John.—London Daily Mail.

An "Old Maids'" Party.

A well known New York society girl celebrated last New Year's with a charming "old maids'" party. Her girl guests were all arrayed in the appropriate spinster costume, with mittens, caps and in several instances with spectacles also. The effect produced was very odd indeed, the fresh and laughing young faces seeming decidedly out of keeping with such surroundings. All the sweetmeats and, indeed, all the eatables that could be so fashioned were served in the shapes of parrots, cats and dogs. Each guest had a separate teapot to herself, in which she brewed the tea to her own individual liking in true spinster fashion. The girls voted this the best New Year's party they had ever had.—New York American.

Fourteen Thousand Years at Tea.

Fourteen thousand years at tea strikes one as being remarkable, even for a New Year's party, yet at Scarborough, England, on the 1st of January last there was such an assembly in the Aquarium of that town. For upward of a dozen years it has been the custom of the mayor to entertain a number of the poorest old ladies of Scarborough at tea on New Year's day. Last January the number was 200, each of the guests being sixty years of age or upward. The total ages of the venerable guests reached nearly 14,000 years, or 13,967, to be precise. This yielded the remarkable average of almost seventy years.—London Tit-Bits.

For Sale.

Good building lot opposite depot at Larabee. For further information inquire of
H. W. RUBIN,
Smethport, Pa.

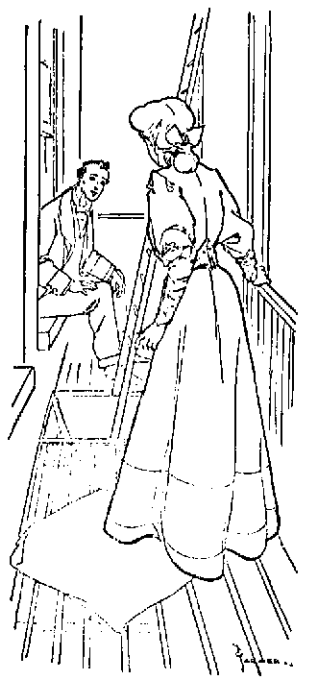
For suit cases and traveling bags, the best at reasonable prices, go to
CHARLES LEMMLER.

The Fire Escape

By KATHERINE GLOVER

Copyright, 1906, by Katherine Glover

THE girl crept out on to the fire escape and lifted her face to the cool night. It was good to be out in the open after that stuffy back hall bedroom. The fire escape gave a glimpse of only a patch of the heavens, but the stars were the same that looked down over the home she had come from, and they seemed to draw her closer to it. She pressed her face against the cold iron bars and looked up blinkingly. A sob choked in her throat. A thump near her made her turn suddenly, and she saw a man sitting in the window next that opened



"IS IT HOMESICKNESS?" HE ASKED.

on to the same fire escape. The girl made a quick move to go in, but the man spoke, and she paused.

"Is it homesickness?" he asked quietly.

Something in his voice made the tears well up in her eyes, so that she could only nod her head and smile waveringly.

"How did you guess?" she asked after a moment.

"I used to have it, and I know."

"It is very silly," said the girl, "but the nights seem to clutch one so."

"I used to cure myself by getting the gloomiest book I could lay hands on and reading it until I was so steeped in melancholy and darkness that it would grow positively funny."

The girl laughed and brushed away the tears.

"I have five theories I work about me to help in hours like that—discouraging all such atmospheric things as homesickness and the blues—but they only act like little decoys to mock me when a genuine spell of homesickness comes on."

"Fighting always makes it worse," he said.

This talk with his friendliness was like a tonic to the girl. The two talked on obliviously. It seemed perfectly natural that he should enter so suddenly and sit there chasing away her moodiness with his easy chatter. He was the first person she had really talked to since she came to New York a few weeks ago, and in the pleasantness of the sensation she let his sympathetic questions lead her on to talk about her work, her ambitions and her plans. They sat chatting half an hour or more when the girl made a move to go. She held out her hand to the stranger. "Thank you for curing my homesickness," she said frankly.

"I shall make stand whether you really approve of my prescription if you let me know the next time the same malady threatens you."

There was a comfortable, warm little feeling in the girl's heart as she crept back into her room, the pleasant tingle that follows a talk with someone that understands. In the plain, glaring sunlight of the next morning her experience of the fire escape seemed very happy and absurd, but the memory of it brought a gladness that lasted all day, while she worked away at a story she was writing. It was good to know that there was some friendly soul in the big lonesome city, even if he were such a lowly specter that came out of the dark and had probably vanished into nothingness. But in the afternoon when she went to the window to look at the usual evidence of the neighbor's flower ghost in a white mug with a bunch of violets in it. She reached out for them greedily and buried her face in their fragrant depths. On the handle of the mug was a card with the words, "For the little homesick lady of the fire escape, from her next door neighbor."

Her heart thumped so that if there had been any homesickness in it at that moment it would surely have spilled out.

Every day there was some further token from her next door neighbor—a bunch of flowers, a big rosy apple or maybe a jolly little note—which the girl returned thanks for in a few words, but she didn't crawl out on the fire escape any more. Late one afternoon as she sat in her room, just on the outskirts of loneliness, she heard a tapping on the glass and looked up to find a note poked under the window ledge.

"I've a feeling that you are homesick again," it ran. "At any rate, it is too good an afternoon to waste indoors, so your doctor orders you to take a brisk walk in Riverside park in good company. Be ready at the corner in fifteen minutes. No wry faces or rebellion, and the doctor will beg the good fairy to bring you the very thing you want most."

There was nobody to know or care, and she did love the sunset on the river. She hurried into her coat, stopped and ruffled her hair becomingly about her face, donning her hat and veil. She could hear the man thumping about in the next flat. She looked at her watch. It was just ten minutes. It would be fun to get there first and slip away, giving him a chase. When she had gone some distance she heard some one running and looked around, to see a man coming up at her side. "That wasn't playing fair," he said.

He was tall and lithe, with good, clear features and frank eyes that were dancing with fun as they looked down at the girl. She felt suddenly small and childish. She laughed up at him.

They turned into Riverside park and made their way along the path nearest the river. High up in the park near the big gray tomb they sought a bench. The sun had just sunk, a fiery golden ball behind the misty green bank across the river, and the whole scene was wrapped in a soft cloak of glowing orange. They sat in silence a few moments, the girl leaning forward, her chin in her two hands, elbows resting on the rail in front of her. She had had a hard day, drifting about in search of editors that were intrenched behind impregnable battlements of office boys and tightly closed doors. The only one she had succeeded in seeing had been disagreeable about her story and had dilated to her on the overcrowded condition of the literary market. Her companion resorted to a little probing and finally succeeded in getting his patient to tell him the story of her day's ills.

"It must be glorious," she said when she had finished, "to be a great, successful author, so as to be able to dictate terms to those puffed up editors that love to crush budding genius."

"It must be," said the man, with a quiet smile. "And now tell me what your story is about."

The girl drifted easily into the little romance she had woven, quoting whole paragraphs now and then from memory. When she came to the end the man looked up quickly. "That seems to me a good story. The editor turned it down, you say?"

"Yes, without flinching," she said, with a touch that tried to be unconcerned.

"Will you meet me here tomorrow afternoon and let me read the manuscript?"

The girl agreed. The little stroke of approbation smoothed her ruffled vanity considerably.

The next afternoon the walk was repeated, and the man read her manuscript—read it aloud to her. It seemed really good to her as she listened to his interpretation. For the first time she got a perspective on it. As he folded it and slipped the manuscript into his pocket the man turned to the girl and looked at her closely a moment. "That's way above the average story," he said.

The girl blushed with pleasure at the sincerity of the compliment and looked away. Somehow his judgment seemed to count.

"I have a friend who is one of your ogre editors, and I am going to send it to him if you will let me," he said.

The girl's heart beat high with hope. This man had a way of smoothing out the wrinkles in one's way and inspiring one with courage and faith.

The walks became almost daily events in the lives of the two next door neighbors. They sought out new routes, though Riverside always remained the favorite, and sometimes they would wind up their strolls with a dinner at some quiet, unfrequented little cafe. Once there was a visit to the theater, another evening a concert and other pleasures that no longer left room for homesickness in the life of the girl. By mutual agreement they continued to make the fire escape their medium of communication, and neither learned the other's name. They were just "neighbor" to each other, which was the man's suggestion. It was an easy, odd sort of friendship they slipped into unquestioningly, accepting it as naturally as children do good gifts.

Three weeks passed before the man said anything more about the manuscript of her story. One evening as they sat at dinner almost hidden in one corner of a cafe behind tall shrubbery he handed her a note, which read:

Dear Bob—Where did you come across that story, and who is the mysterious, unknown writer? It is a good story. I am going to rush it in the Christmas number and should like to speak for any more you can secure from the same source if they are as well written. It really is an excellently handled thing. I inclose check to you, as you do not give the name or address of the author. Yours, SIDNEY HENDERSON.

The girl looked at the name of the magazine printed on the stationery and gave a little excited gasp. A lump came in her throat for a moment. It seemed almost too good to be true. She stretched out her hand to her neighbor across the table and looked her thanks. The wonder of it awed her into silence.

While they sat after dinner, listening to the music, the girl looked up once to meet the gaze of a man at a table across the cafe. He was scanning them closely and finally came over to their table and put his hands on the shoulder of her escort. "Well, old fellow, you have succeeded pretty well in disappearing from the face of the earth this time, certainly. Where have you been?" he asked.

The man was clearly taken by surprise and embarrassed. His face flushed. "Mr. Burke, let me introduce"—he hesitated a moment—"Miss Neighbor," he said, leaning toward the girl.

Mr. Burke bowed and smiled. "What are you burrowing for now?" he asked, turning again to the man.—"You must be hidden in a Harlem flat or sneaking in an east side basement. Your friends have searched everywhere else in New York for you without success."

"I will come up to your house tomorrow, Burke, and render faithful and dutiful account of myself, but I won't tell you now."

"Nothing like being calmly insulted, is there, Miss—er—Favor? If you don't come and tell me all about it I shall have you published as one of the mysteriously disappeared," he said good naturedly and made his way back to his own table.

The girl looked up suddenly at her companion. "That is Benedict Burke, the writer, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"And who are you?"

The man frowned a moment, then said, with a smile, "Will you promise to be just as neighborly when you find out?"

"I promise," she said, but she looked almost frightened.

"I don't manufacture soothing syrups or soaps," he said, laughing at her expression, "but I must confess my name is sometimes flaunted in street car advertisements. I am afraid it will never be as much fun after we have learned each other's identity." He reached in his pocket and pulled out a card. "Let me introduce myself."

"Mr. Robert Harrison Rockford," she read and leaned back in her chair and stared. It was a minute before she quite caught her breath, and he broke in, "You see, you don't like me nearly as much as when you thought me a poor laborer living on half rations."

"But to think you didn't let me know I was telling all my seedy little troubles to one of the big authors of the day. It wasn't quite right," she said, pressing her hands together hard in her lap.

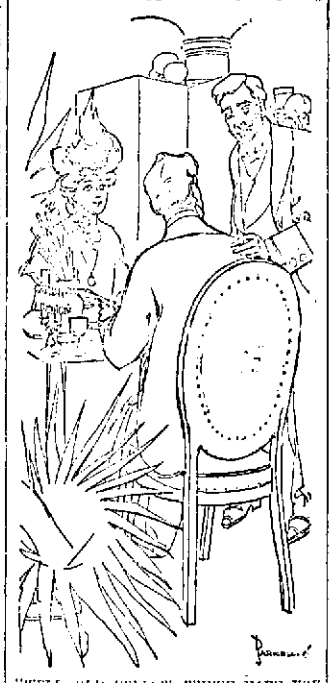
"Would you have told them if you had known?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"You see, that is what a fellow gets for having a sort of soapmaker's name. People don't give him half a chance."

"How did you happen to be living in that little back hall room?" she asked suddenly.

"I am gathering material for a novel, tracing the struggles of a poor young



"WELL, OLD FELLOW, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

fellow starting out in New York. I wanted to know under just what conditions his life would be lived, so I rented that cubby hole room and started out on a life of deprivation for a few weeks."

"Just for material," she sighed.

"It has been the best material I have ever gathered," he said.

The girl's eyes fell.

"I wanted to gain an experience that would help me in writing my book, but instead I have learned the one essential lesson of life"— He paused.

She did not look up.

"To love my neighbor—to love her even better than myself. I wonder if my neighbor has learned her lesson?"

The girl raised her eyes, and he read in them the answer to his question.

The Hawkbill Turtle.

Turtle soup and tortoise shell combs come from the hawkbill turtle of the gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea. This turtle is recognized by the low, wide head, a long, narrow mouth, the upper jaw prolonged and hooked like the beak of a hawk. The shell is flattened and serrated behind, with five vertebral and eight lateral plates overlapping one another like scales of a fish. The color is a lavish olive, mottled with chestnut brown and yellowish white below. Young turtles have a black spot on the four rear pairs of plates. Old turtles have a thin yellow plate on the belly, which is much sought after and commands a higher price. This hawkbill turtle feeds on seaweeds, crabs, mollusks and fish. Being mostly carnivorous, the meat is not considered wholesome.

An Extremist.

"He's a great reformer, isn't he?"

"Oh, he's worse than a reformer. His ideas would upset the whole social and business world. He said if he had his way he'd put in jail everybody who ought to be there."—Philadelphia Press.

Tried to Be Cheerful.

The Minister's Wife—I'm afraid Mr Skindlint does not realize that the Lord loves a cheerful giver. The Minister—Oh, I don't know! The less he gives the more cheerfully he gives it.

Reprint, News Herald: "There is at least one effectual, safe and reliable Cough Cure—Dr. Shoop's—that we regard as suitable, even for the youngest child. For years, Dr. Shoop bitterly opposed the use of narcotics in medicine, offering $10 per drop to any one finding Opium, Chloroform, or any other poisonous or narcotic ingredient in Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And the challenge is as yet unanswered. Here is one manufacturing physician, who welcomed with much satisfaction, the new Government Pure Food and Drug Law. The public can now protect itself at all times, by insisting on having Dr. Shoop's when a cough remedy in needed." Sold by all dealers.

A STALLION'S WRATH

BLIND FURY IN A BATTLE ROYAL WITH A BUCK.

The Enraged Equine's Attack Only Ceased When His Foe Lay a Mangled, Battered Mass That No Longer Breathed.

At about 2 o'clock in the morning, at that mystic hour when nature seems to send a message to all her animate children, preparing them for the advent of dawn, the white stallion got up, shook himself, stepped softly down to the brook's edge for a drink and then fell to cropping the grass wherever it remained green. The forest, though to a careless ear it might have seemed as silent as before, had in reality stirred to a sudden ephemeral life. Far off from some high rock a fox barked sharply. Faint, muffled chirps from the thick bushes told of junkos and chickadees waking up to see if all was well with the world. The mice set up a scurrying in the grass, and presently a high antlered buck stepped out of the shadows and started across the open toward the brook.

The dark buck, himself a moving shadow, saw the stallion first and stopped with a loud snort of astonishment and defiance. The stallion wheeled about, eyed the intruder for a moment doubtfully, then trotted up with a whinny of pleased interrogation. He had no dread of the antlered visitor, but rather a hope of companionship in the vast and overpowering loneliness of the alien night.

The buck, however, was in anything but a friendly mood. His veins aflame with the arrogant pugnacity of the rutting season, he saw in the white stranger only a possible rival and grew hot with rage at his approach. With an impatient stamping of his slim fore hoofs he gave challenge, but to the stallion this was an unknown language. Innocently he came up, his nose stretched out in question, till he was within a few feet of the motionless buck. Then, to his astonishment, the latter bounced suddenly aside, like a ball, stood straight up on his hind legs and struck at him like lightning with those keen edged, slim fore hoofs. It was a savage assault, and two long red furrows, one longer and deeper than the other, appeared on the stallion's silky white flank.

In that instant the wanderer's friendliness vanished and an avenging fury took its place. His confidence had been cruelly betrayed. With a harsh squeal, his mouth wide open and lips drawn back from his formidable teeth, he sprang at his assailant. But the buck had no vain idea of standing up against this whirlwind of wrath which he had evoked. He bounded aside, lightly, but hurriedly, and watched for an opportunity to repeat his attack.

The stallion, however, was not to be caught again, and the dashing ferocity of his rushes kept his adversary ceaselessly on the move, bounding into the air and leaping aside to avoid those disastrous teeth. The buck was awaiting what he felt sure would come—the chance to strike again—and his confidence in his own supreme agility kept him from any apprehension as to the outcome of the fight.

But the buck's great weakness lay in his ignorance, his insufficient knowledge of the game he was playing. He had no idea that his rushing white antagonist had any other tactics at command. When he gave way, therefore, he went just far enough to escape the stallion's teeth and battering fore feet. The stallion, on the other hand, soon realized the futility of his present method of attack against so nimble an adversary.

On his next rush, therefore, just as the buck bounced aside, he wheeled in a short half circle and lashed out high and far with his steel shod heels. The buck was just within the most deadly range of the blow. He caught the terrific impact on the base of the neck and the forward point of the shoulder and went down as if an explosive bullet had struck him. Before he could even stir to rise the stallion was upon him, trampling, battering, squealing, biting madly, and the fight was done. When the wanderer had spent his vengeance and paused, snorting and wild eyed, to take breath he looked down upon a mangled shape that no longer struggled or stirred or even breathed. Then the last of his righteous fury faded out. The sight and the smell of the blood sickened him, and in a kind of terror he turned away. For a few hesitating moments he stared about his little retreat, and then, finding it had grown hateful to him, he forsook it and pushed onward on the edge of the stream between the black, impending walls of the forest.—Charles D. G. Roberts in Century.

Lincoln and the Bible.

Mr. Lincoln, as I saw him every morning in the carpet slippers he wore in the house and the black clothes no tailor could make really fit his gaunt, bony frame, was a homely enough figure. The routine of his life was simple too. It would have seemed a treadmill to most of us. He was an early riser. When I came on duty at 8 in the morning he was often already dressed and reading in the library. There was a big table near the center of the room. There I have seen him reading many times. And the book? We have all heard of the president's fondness for Shakespeare, how he infuriated Secretary Stanton by reading "Hamlet" while they were waiting for returns from Gettysburg. We know, too, how he kept cabinet meetings waiting while he read them the latest of Petroleum V. Nasby's witticisms. It was the Bible which I saw him reading while most of the household still slept. —William H. Crook in Harper's Magazine.

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PLANETARY VITALITY.

Earthquakes Can Take Place Only on Living Globes.

A moon quake is now unthinkable because the moon is as dead as a door nail. Our satellite is "ever faithful awing our own ultimate doom, like the mummy at Egyptian banquets," but in the meantime, if the Edinburgh Review has correctly conceived the touchings of seismology the inhabitants of earth may console themselves for the havoc wrought through earthquakes by reflecting that they demonstrate the vitality of our planet. In that dis tant past when the moon actually quaked there may some scientists declare there must have been forms of animation on its surface. "Though the moon, by reason of its smaller size was bound to lose its atmosphere it must have taken millions of years to do so, and there may have been time for the cycle of life, from the primeval germ up to sentient beings and down again to the hardiest lingering plant cells, to run its full circle." The writer in the Edinburgh Review continues to develop this line of thought:

"Earthquakes are a sign of planetary vitality. They would seem to be characteristic of the terrestrial phase of development. Effete globes like the moon can scarcely be subject to the stress to which they are due, nor can they be very suitably constituted for the propagation of elastic waves. Incohate worlds, such as Jupiter and Saturn, are still less likely to be the scenes of reverberating concussions. Their materials have not yet acquired the necessary cohesion. They are pasty or fluid, if not partially vaporous. On the earth the seismic epoch presumably opened when, exterior solidification having commenced, the geological ages began to run. It will last so long as peaks crumble and rivers carry sediment, so long as the areal distribution of loads fluctuates and strains evoke forces adequate for their catastrophic relief.

"Our globe is by its elasticity kept habitable. The separation of sea from dry land is thus and not otherwise maintained. The alternations of elevation and subsidence manifest the continual activity of this reserve of energy. The dimensions of the globe we inhabit depend upon the balance of pressure and expansiveness. Relaxation or enhancement of either instantly occasions a heaving inward or an arching outward of the crust. Just by these sensitive reactions the planet itself shows itself to be alive, and seismic thrillings are the breaths it draws." Current Literature.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Don't permit pretended friends to exaggerate your sorrows.

Any man is unreliable when talking about his side of the case.

Most people expect a dollar's worth of thanks for a fifty cent present.

To be successful one must know when to grant and when to refuse concessions.

A discontented person is bad enough to live with, but a self satisfied person is lots worse.

Too many people think it isn't wrong to lie about a man who lives a hundred miles away.

After a man has earned your business don't give it to the other fellow just to be contrary.

The average woman keeps a cook just long enough for the cook to peer into all the closets and get good looks at the family skeletons.—Atchison Globe.

Venison Once Cheaper Than Pork.

Time was, along in the early forties and the early fifties of the last century, that from the wilds of Morgan and Brown counties hunters would bring venison to market and sell it much lower than pork was sold in that day, pork being preferred by the Hoosier then to the red deer of the woods. It was in that time that an entire wild turkey, full grown, would sell at a price far below the present appraisement of a scrawny spring chicken, and a dozen quail could be bought for less money than it now takes to buy a dozen links of sausage—neither was the quail required to masquerade as "short billed snipe."—Indianapolis News.

Loving Kindness.

My dog tried to bite me. I liked the dog, so I kicked him lovingly in the jaw. He understood that argument.

My grocer tried to cheat me. I liked the grocer. I did not kick him in the jaw, but I told him lovingly that I would not deal with him again. He understood that argument.

My baby tried to slap me. I liked the baby, but I did not kick her in the jaw or even cease to play with her. I kissed her lovingly on her cheek. She understood that argument.—Independent.

A Test For Eyesight.

An interesting test for eyesight may be had by observing Ursa Major—the Great Bear—on a clear starlit night. Not every one is aware that Mizar, the second star in the constellation, is a double star. To observe this doublet demands good vision. Some starry night look up to the sky and see if you can discern it. If you do see it, you can rest content in the knowledge that your eyesight is not defective.

The Same Thing.

Pa Twaddles—Well, what's the matter now? Tommy Twaddles—Ma says I mustn't never say a word while she's in the room. Ma Twaddles—Why, no, I didn't, dear. I said you mustn't interrupt while I'm talking. Tommy—What's the difference? — Cleveland Leader.

Is This the Average Man?

The average man is still jealous of his helpmeet and partner. His ideal at heart is still the farmyard cock, strutting about with all his worshipful hens around him. He is willing to find them nice little bits, but they must not be able to find them for themselves.—London Saturday Review.

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HARRY L. HACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 27, 1906

Six persons were fatally injured and 25 others badly hurt in a wreck on the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie railroad at Enderlin, N. D., on Sunday. The accident was caused by the passenger train meeting a switching train in a head-on collision.

THERE is an appalling famine in China. Throughout a district covering over 40,000 square miles and supporting a population of 15,000,000, the crops have been destroyed by floods and millions of people are on the verge of starvation; thousands of dwellings have been destroyed and their inmates are without homes. An urgent appeal has been made for the assistance of the United States.

FRIENDS of the Hon. T. F. Richmond of Smethport are urging his nomination for State Senator to fill the vacancy made by the death of Hon. Myron Matson. Mr. Richmond had the experience of being a member of the lower house; he is one the brightest and ablest lawyers in this Senatorial district; he is a gentleman whose honor and integrity is above question and would make one of the best Senators this district has ever had in that body. The Republican County Committee could make no better selection than Mr. Richmond to fill this vacancy.

WITH this issue the MINER ends its 43rd year of existence. It has met with adversities many times but still continues to live and is prosperous. The present editor has been at the helm for nearly seven years and hopes to continue many more. We have tried to make this paper bright, newsy and interesting to its readers. How well we have succeeded we leave you to judge. This issue, owing to the holiday vacation and much other work, is not up to the standard but we propose to start the new year by using our best efforts to improve the MINER in every way. Thanking our patrons and friends for favors in the past and hoping to merit them in the future, and trusting that you all enjoyed a Merry, Merry Christmas and wishing you a Happy New Year we bid the grand old year of 1906 good-bye and welcome the new 1907.

IT is said that Hon. John W. Campbell of Kane is making an effort to succeed the late Hon. Myron Matson in the State Senate. McKean county is undoubtedly entitled to the Senator to fill the vacancy made by the death of Mr. Matson and if the right man is endorsed by the Republicans of this county we will probably get it, but why Mr. Campbell should be boomed for this honor is hard to understand, when there are hundreds of more capable men to be found in this county. For the past seven years Mr. Campbell has been cared for by the taxpayers of this county, three years as county treasurer and four as Assemblyman, without performing any wonderful service for the people or his party and we think it is about time that he be retired to private life for a better and abler man. There are several more capable men from this county seeking this honor, so let us elect one of them or pass the honor to one of the other counties.

Order of British Titles.

They had been talking about an English marquis and the position he held among his titled aristocracy.

"I didn't know a marquis ranked so high," said the girl in white.

"Dear me!" said an Englishman. "Didn't you? Why, a marquis ranks next to a duke."

He paused to sip his tea and take a fole gras sandwich.

"Marquess, not marquis," he went on, "is the more accurate use of the word. It is so spelled and pronounced in Parliament. Shall I tell you the duties of the British aristocracy? The knowledge may be useful to you when you come to conduct an international alliance, eh?

"After royalty come dukes. After dukes come marquises, then earls, viscounts, barons, baronets and knights. I don't mention lords. A lord is an earl—the Earl of Craven, for instance, is often called Lord Craven—or else the title is only the courtesy one accorded to the younger sons of dukes.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Parrot Fish.

There are water parrots as well as land parrots. The parrot fish come from the tropics, are brilliantly colored and have beaks something like those of the parrot, for use in breaking off the coral shell in order to get at the living polyp. Not all of them, however, live on animal food, some species being herbivorous. One species is found in the Mediterranean sea, where it has been known for thousands of years. The Greeks and Romans regarded it for a time as the first of fishes, and Pliny tells us how it was introduced into the Italian sea in the course of the reign of Claudius. It was known as the "scarus" by the ancients, who told some wonderful stories about its love, its wisdom and its rumination. Some having a length of sixteen inches have been captured alive.

ART OF CONVERSATION.

Modern Methods and Manners Have Almost Destroyed It.

In olden times the art of conversation reached a much higher standard than today because of the complete revolution that has taken place in the conditions of civilization. Formerly people had almost no other way of communicating their thoughts. Knowledge of all kinds passed almost wholly through the spoken word. There were no great daily newspapers, no magazines or periodicals of any kind. People were not in so much of a hurry as they are today.

The great discoveries of vast wealth in the precious minerals, the new world opened up by inventions and discoveries and the great impetus to ambition have changed all this. In this lightning express age, in these strenuous times, when everybody has the mania to attain wealth and position, we no longer have time to reflect with deliberation and to develop our powers of conversation. In these great newspaper and periodical days, when everybody can get for one or a few cents the news and information which it has cost thousands of dollars to collect, everybody sits behind the morning sheet or is buried in a book or magazine. There is no longer the same need of communicating thought by the spoken word.

It is a rare thing to find a polished conversationalist today. So rare is it to hear one speaking exquisite English and using a superb diction that it is indeed a luxury.

We are not only poor conversationalists, but we are poor listeners as well. We are too impatient to listen. Instead of being attentive and eager to drink in the story or the information, we have not enough respect for the talker to keep quiet. We look about impatiently, perhaps snap our watch, play a tattoo with our fingers on a chair or a table, hitch about as if we were bored and were anxious to get away and interrupt the speaker before he reaches his conclusion. In fact, we are such an impatient people that we have no time for anything excepting to push ahead, to elbow our way through the crowd to get the position or the money we desire. Our life is feverish and [illegible] We have no time to develop the [illegible] or elegance of diction or [illegible] for epigram or repartee. We lack time.

Life is [illegible] serious, so forced, so [illegible] we drive ourselves at such a fearful speed that life is rendered dull. Sportsmanship and humor and the possibility of a free exchange and a superb circuit of personality in us are almost impossible and extremely rare. —Success Magazine.

Cause of Certain Dreams.

"Every dream, like every laugh or tear, has its cause," said the psychologist. "Every well known type of dream has a cause equally well known. You dream, for instance, that you are in church or at the theater or on the street with hardly any clothes on you, and you nearly die of shame. The bed coverings falling off is the cause of this dream. You dream that a dog has bitten you or an enemy has given you a stab with a knife. Some slight pain—a cramp, a touch of rheumatism—is behind all such dreams. Innumerable persons dream of flying. Time and time again they dream this dream. It is because the respiration of sleep, the great, deep, full way breaths, rising and falling rhythmically, are so akin to flying that they bring visions of it to the sleeper's mind. An uncomfortable position in the bed causes dreams of painful effort, of inordinately hard work, like mountain climbing or the lifting of heavy weights. I say nothing of the mental causes of dreams, since we all know well enough that the things we talk or think about awake are apt to be talked and thought about that night in sleep."—New York Press.

Off the Malay Coast.

Sailing up the coast in a native craft, you may almost fancy yourself one of the early explorers skirting the lovely shores of some undiscovered country. As you sprawl on the bamboo decking under the shadow of the immense palm leaf sail—which is so ingeniously rigged that, if taken aback, the boat must turn turtle unless, by the blessing of the gods, the mast parts asunder—you look out through half closed eyelids at a very beautiful coast. The waves dance and glimmer and shine in the sunlight, the long stretch of sand is as yellow as a buttercup, and the fringes of graceful casuarina trees quiver like aspens in the breeze and shimmer in the heat haze. The wash of the waves against the boat's side and the ripple of the bow make music in your drowsy ears, and as you glide through cluster after cluster of thickly wooded islands you lie in that delightful comatose state in which you have all the pleasure of existence with none of the labor of living.—"In Court and Kampong," by Hugh Clifford.

The Siberian Tchuktchis.

The Siberian Tchuktchis are totally different in appearance, language and customs from the Alaskan Eskimo. They are fairly well disposed, as a rule, excepting during their drunken orgies, which take place on an average once a week. It is not safe on these occasions to venture abroad, for rifles are discharged indiscriminately in all directions and occasionally into the huts. The strangest custom of this strange tribe is what is called the kamitok or putting to death (with their free consent) of the aged and useless members of the community by strangulation with a walrus thong. A kamitok is never practiced on women. The shamans or medicine men are practically kings of the place, and woe to the luckless Tchuktchi who incurs their displeasure—London Graphic.

"Pineules" (non alcoholic) made from resin from our pine forests used for hundreds of years for bladder and kidney diseases. Medicine for thirty days $1. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Get our guarantee coupon from Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

My line of blankets and robes is complete. Come and see them.

CHARLES LEMMLER.

HUYLER'S
Confectionery
.. FOR THE HOLIDAYS ..

We will pay express charges to points having express offices within 100 miles of Bradford on lots of 5 lbs. or over. The one and two pound packages with beautiful designs on cover by leading artists make a very desirable present. They are filled with Bon Bons and Chocolates, or all mixed chocolates. Price $1 a pound. The standard boxes in one, two, four and five pound boxes at 80c.

THE CELEBRATED
GILLETTE SAFETY
RAZOR AT $5.00.

W. D. Hart & Bro.
13 Public Square
Bradford, Penna.

IT COSTS ONLY ONE CENT

To send a card asking for our catalog, setting forth the advantages enjoyed by the students who attend The State Normal at Indiana, and it may be the turning point in the life of your son or daughter. An education obtained in a good normal school fits for life and business, as do other schools, but its diploma has a peculiar legal value that should not be overlooked: it makes its possessor a legally qualified teacher in the State for life.

None of us can look very far into the future. Your daughter may not need to teach now, and may lay her diploma away, never intending to use it. But some disaster later in life may make it necessary for her to earn her own living, and that diploma would prove her most valuable possession. Is it not best to be educated in a school whose diploma has such value?

The Indiana State Normal was founded by the General Assembly in 1871; it is one of the best known schools of its kinds in the land, and the expense of attending it is as low as can be found in any first-class institution of learning.

Our Winter Term will open Jan. 1. If you desire full information about this school, address the Principal,

JAMES E. AMENT, LL. D.,
INDIANA, PA.

Sealed Proposals.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,
State Highway Department.
Harrisburg Pa.

Sealed proposals will be received by the State Highway Department of Pennsylvania, under the Act approved May 1st, 1905, for the construction of 29,640 feet of road, 16 feet wide, extending from the city line of the City of Bradford, in a southeasterly direction, to a point in said road at the foot of Rue Hill, in Foster Township, in the county of McKean. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the county commissioners, Smethport, Pa., and at the office of the State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa. Bidding blanks will be furnished by the State Highway Department upon request. Bids must be endorsed "Proposals for Reconstruction of Road in Foster Township, McKean County," and received at the office of the State Highway Department not later than January 15th, 1907.

JOSEPH W. HUNTER,
State Highway Commissioner.

Sealed Proposals.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,
State Highway Department,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sealed proposals will be received by the State Highway Department of Pennsylvania, under the Act approval May 1st, 1905, for the construction of 10,000 feet of road, 16 feet wide, extending from the intersection of the Bradford city line and Washington street, westwardly to a point on the Willow Creek road, in Bradford Township, in the county of McKean. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the county commissioners, Smethport, Pa., and at the office of the State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa. Bidding blanks will be furnished by the State Highway Department upon request. Bids must be endorsed "Proposals for Reconstruction of Road in Bradford Township, McKean County," and received at the office of the State Highway Department not later than January 10th, 1907.

JOSEPH W. HUNTER,
State Highway Commissioner.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Laura M. Taylor, late of the borough of Smethport, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania. All persons indebted to said estate will make payment to me and all persons having claims against said said estate will present them to me at the office of Gorton & Richmond, Smethport, Pa.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Dec. 5, 1906. Administrator.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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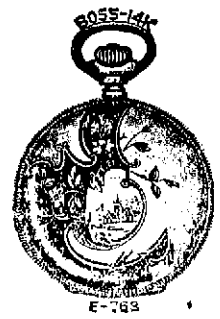


RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

I. ODESSER,
EAST SMETHPORT

Best prices paid for all kinds of

JUNK

RAGS BONES
RUBBER and
IRON ROPE
METAL

Just received a new line of

CROCKERY
and
GLASSWARE

All kinds of TINWARE.

SECOND HAND FURNITURE bought and sold.

Highest prices paid for all kinds of Hides.

BELL PHONE.

RUBIN'S CLOTHING
AND
SHOE STORES

Thank all customers for the patronage in the past and hope that everyone will keep this fact in mind, that our aim is to please. The stock is always new and up-to-date and prices are as low as the lowest. If in need of clothing, gents' furnishings or footwear let us supply your wants.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

We take pleasure in inviting you to inpect our Toy and Christmas Goods where you will find

Bargains in Toys, Dolls, Doll Carriages, Go-Carts, Books, Games, etc.
Bargains in Stamped and Fancy Goods
Bargains in Cushion Tops and Cushion Covers
Bargains in Holiday Handkerchiefs
Bargains in Ribbons
Bargains in Linen Scarfs, Towels, Napkins & Table Linens
Bargains in Silks and Dress Goods.

We also have patterns for making Teddy Bears, Cats and other Animals at 10c. Look over the Free Style Book.

Special Sale of Blankets and Comforters for $1.00.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
December 4, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring,

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

Some Seasonable Suggestions for Shoppers

BOOKS Copyright and Standard Fiction.

FANCY GOODS In Silver, Leather, Burnt Wood, Bronzes and China.

CALENDARS, CARDS, DIARIES, POCKET BOOKS, MUSIC ROLLS, PERFUMES, WRITING PAPER, GAMES, NOVELTIES.

Our line of books is the most complete ever shown here.

A Pleasure to Show Goods.

McCoy's Drug Store

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House, 35c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
We Can Please You.

20c
Black Coffee
10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

IF YOU WANT THE BEST
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
WE CAN SUPPLY THEM
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED
MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.
H. C. WELLS.

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

WISH ALL PATRONS A

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Thanking all our patrons for the hearty patronage extended in the past and hoping for a continuance of the same in the future we are Sincerely,

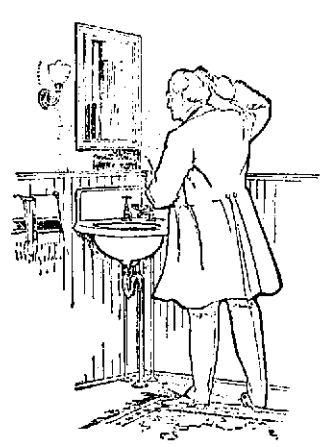
The Lindholm Co.

Are You Going to Remodel?

If so, you will do it with the intention of improving upon present conditions. Our part is to interest you in our ability to improve and perfect your sanitary equipment.

Many families pay out yearly for doctor bills, due to sickness caused by the deadly sewer gases which enter the home on account of poor and defective plumbing, more than the difference between the cost of the cheapest and the best work.

You cannot have too many safeguards for the health and happiness of yourself and family. Of these safeguards, the sanitary equipment of your home is unquestionably the most important and can be securely trusted to us.



We do but one kind of work—the best—and use the famous "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware, every piece of which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be strictly first quality. Let's talk it over.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 27, 1906

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—It was a white Xmas.

—Was Santa good to you?

—Look up Rubin's new ad.

—Redfield's Hardware have a new ad this week.

—A heavy fall of snow would be welcome just now.

—Fry & Comes are advertising holiday goods at ⅓ off this week.

—Commence to reform now. It won't be so hard to swear off on New Year's day.

—The Lindholm Company extend New Year greetings in their ad space this week.

—Lyman Howe's moving pictures pleased a small audience at the Lyceum last evening.

—The Kane Republican is now comfortably located in its new quarters in the Frazine block.

—A county fair for Potter county is being agitated by energetic citizens of our neighboring county.

—The heirs of Mrs. Laura Taylor recently received their insurance from the Modern Protective Association.

—Edinboro Normal is the place to learn to teach. Winter term begins Jan. 1st. John F. Bigler, prin.

—Bishop Charles C. McCabe, a well-know Methodist divine, died in New York City last Wednesday of apoplexy.

—The young ladies' bridge whist club is being entertained by Miss Rachel Mayo of West Main street this afternoon.

—The dance given by the Window Glass Workers at the hose house Christmas Eve was well attended and was a decided success in every way.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Scudder of Bradford, on Dec. 24, a daughter. Mrs. Scudder was formerly Miss Bertha Blodgett and lived in Smethport.

—The Boyle & Williams candy and maple syrup factory at Bradford was destroyed by fire last Thursday, entailing a loss of $40,000, insurance about $19,000.

—Mr. Edward Teets and Miss Grace Franklin were united in marriage by R. C. Gleason, Esq., Monday evening. They will reside in this borough.

—Christmas night several young people held a social dance at the Lyceum. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music and all spent a very pleasant evening.

—It is reported that two men who were taken into custody while making a raid on a disreputable house in Olean last week gave as their names, the names of two reputable citizens of this borough who were not even in Olean at the time.

—The Kane Leader hits Bradford in the following manner: Bradford does not often take water, as a town or as an individual, but it has taken the Douglass dam, with all the hereditaments, which includes the water, and paid money for it besides.

—"What Happened to Jones" was the attraction at the Lyceum Monday evening. Owing to the fact that it was Christmas eve and many other attractions were on, the attendance was small. The company is first class and gave an excellent performance.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Blake of Eldred have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Bessie, to Mr. Emil Juhn of Milwaukee. The bride is a sister of Mrs. J. C. Backus of this borough and has many friends who unite with the MINER in wishing them a long and happy wedded life.

—Mr. William Martin Digel of this borough and Miss Ida May Spencer of Simpson were united in marriage at the home of the groom's mother on Water street, at 9 o'clock Christmas morning by Rev. T. D. Ware of the Baptist church in the presence of a number of friends and relatives. The bride has resided in Smethport for some time past and the many friends of both wish them a life of happiness. They will reside in Smethport.

—Mr. Clarence C. Choate of this borough and Miss Grace Smart of Point Marion, Pa., were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents yesterday. The groom is the only son of Recorder H. M. Choate and is popular and during his residence of nearly a lifetime in Smethport has gained the confidence and esteem of the entire community. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Smart, former residents of this place. She is a charming young woman of many attainments and her many friends in this place are sincere in extending congratulations to she and "Sam." Mr. and Mrs. Choate will reside in Smethport.

—The wood alcohol bill, passed by the last Congress, goes into effect Jan. 1st and the wood alcohol industry in this county does not look very rosy at present as it is believed the the new bill will ruin that business. Time alone will tell.

—A team belonging to E. W. Jones ran away Sunday. They were left in front of a West Main street residence without being hitched. They ran down Main street and onto the lawn of E. L. Keenan, the carriage striking against the porch where they were captured. Little damage was done.

—On Saturday evening the local B., R. & P. train from Buffalo brought in a heavy load of express and trucks were placed at both sides of the car to facilitate unloading, one of the trucks thus being between the two tracks. A passing locomotive crashed into the one between the two trucks and sent Christmas packages flying. The expressman got out of danger in time to prevent being hurt.—Bradford Record.

—A dispatch from Lewiston, Pa., dated Dec. 26, says: An oil famine exists in this section of the state. Not a drop could be purchased in this city today at any price. Many of the old candle moulds and snuffers that have been idle for years have been pressed into service. Sperm and tallow will play an important part in lighting for the next few days. Inability on the part of the railroad to move the cars from Franklin pumping station is given as the reason.

—The Potter Democrat is among the vicinity papers that are not issuing this week. Editor J. J. Mundy explains thusly: For the first time in eight years the pencil pusher of the Democrat will take a rest of a week, beginning Saturday morning, when he and his wife will start on a trip to New York and Philadelphia—sort of a delayed honeymoon trip (which they did not have the privilege of enjoying when they "took" each other for better or for worse, three years ago.)

Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry are in Buffalo for a few days.

W. B. Fry was a Bradford visitor Christmas day.

Miss Janette Baker left for Buffalo Tuesday morning.

Mark Pomeroy was over from Port Allegany Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Brennan are in Olean visiting friends.

Theron Lyle is passing the holidays with his parents in Kinzua.

Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago is visiting his mother, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin.

Misses Fay Knapp and Gertrude Wendell are visiting in Hazelhurst.

Mrs. Mary A. Musser spent Christmas with her son, Fred, at Niagara Falls.

Leon Valentine of Port Allegany was visiting friends in this place Tuesday.

Miss Lelia Hackett visited Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Anderson in Colegrove Tuesday.

Miss Clara Milroy of Randolph, N. Y., is visiting her cousin, Miss Ina Milroy.

Alex Clarke of Folsom, W. Va., spent his Christmas vacation with his parents in town.

Mrs. T. H. Pancoast, son, Maurice, and daughter, Helen, are visiting friends in Olean.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett visited relatives in town Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Chase of Wellsville, N. Y., are in town, the guests of relatives.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris left Monday for a week's visit with friends in Rochester.

Miss Julia Lillibridge of Port Allegany was the guest of the Misses Abbey last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Raymer are over from Austin visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Raymer.

Roy Colegrove and Fred Wendell of Hazelhurst were among the many visitors in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hammar of Welch, W. Va., are guests at the home of Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin.

Mr and Mrs. W. P. Clothier of Buffalo were visitors at the home of Mrs. J. W. Brennan over Christmas.

H. C. Lyman of Roulette spent Sunday with his family, who are visiting at the home of Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman spent Christmas with Mrs. Newman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell, son, John, and nurse, Miss Calkins, are passing the holidays with relatives in town.

Foster Studholme and wife of Olean and Gordon Studholme and wife of Port Allegany spent Christmas with relatives in town.

Miss Lucile M. Hinman of Edinboro, Pa., returned Saturday from Tionesta, where she was engaged as instructor at the Forest county institute for the week.

H. M. McQuiston of Mexico City arrived in town on Monday on a visit to his wife, who is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

The following college students are home for the holidays: Jeoffrey Mayo of Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y.; Kenneth Mayo of Dickenson Law School, Carlisle, Pa.; Horace B. King and Maclin Gorton of Bucknell, Lewisburg, Pa.; Revier Eckert of University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; Harry Sisse of Case School of Applied Sciences, Cleveland; C. E. McCoy of New York, and Miss Edna Hungiville of St. Elizabeth's, Allegany, N. Y.

Notice of Annual Meeting of Stockholders of the Nunundah Railroad Company.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Nunundah Railroad Company, will be held at their office in the office of Gorton & Richmond, attorneys, 119 East Main St., in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Monday, the 14th day of January, A. D. 1907, between the hours of 12 m. and 2 p. m. for the purpose of transacting such business as may be brought before them.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
President.

Attest:
T. F. RICHMOND,
Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 26, 1906.

To have beautiful, perfect, pink, velvet-like lips, apply at bedtime a light coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. Then, next morning, notice carefully the effect. Dry, cracked or colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well ill appearing. Dr. Shoop's Green Salve is a soft, creamy, healing ointment, that will quickly correct any skin blemish or ailment. Get a free trial box at our store and be convinced. Large, Glass Jars, 25cts. All dealers.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of

FRANK W. BACKUS.
605 E. Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

Two days treatment free. Ring's Dyspepsin Tablets for impaired digestion, impure breath, perfect assimilation of food, increased appetite. Do not fail to avail yourself of the above offer. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

WANTED AGENTS—For the celebrated Roumany Veterinary Remedies and Condition Powders, for animals and fowls of all kinds. Liberal discounts. For full information address the Keystone Veterinary Remedy & Supply Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made alone for Piles—and it works with certainty and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Try it and see! All dealers.

To Our Patrons.

It has been rumored that we intend to raise the price of ice next year. The price next year will be 30c per 100 lbs.

SMETHPORT ICE CO.

Pine Salve Carbolized, acts like a poultice; highly antiseptic, extensively used for eczema, for chapped hands and lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Lost—A pair of "Queen Quality Shoes." Liberal reward if returned to Lindholm's.

Dr. Reed's E. Z. Cushion Sole Shoes for Men at Rubin's.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

A Merry Christmas

and many thanks for your patronage in the past. Let us suggest the articles named below as a suitable Xmas gift. If bought here you have the assurance that you get

THE BEST

that money can buy at prices as reasonable as is consistent with good goods.

Gloves of every description, 25c to 2.50 pair.

Handkerchiefs of every description 10c to 1.50 each.

Mufflers and Ties, 25c to 1.50 each.

Cuff Buttons, Fobs & Scarf Pins, 50c to 3.50 each

Silk and Linen Suspenders, 25c to 1.50 pair

Walk Over Shoes, $3.50 to $5 pair

Suit Cases from 1.25 to $10 each

Umbrellas, 1.00 to 6.00

Fur Caps, 50c to 5.00

White and fcy. fl. Shirts, 1.00 to 3.00 each

Derby and Soft Hats, 1.50 to 3.00

Or, if you wish to buy a Suit, Overcoat or Rain Coat it will be to your advantage to see us first. If you desire to exchange any Xmas gift bought in this store you can do so at any time. Our motto always is

Your Money's Worth
or
Your Money Back.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

FRY & COMES.

Clearance of Holiday Goods.

All odd lots of gift goods must leave the store in a quick riddance sale. With the prices we've put on them they ought to leave in a hurry.

Your choice of the lot of Holiday Novelties at

1-3 off regular prices

FRY & COMES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD

If you are builoing or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick. Cement. Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

DIAMOND WATCH JEWELRY AND OPTICAL PARLORS

Sane's

57 MAIN STREET

BRADFORD, PENN'A.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store, Union Telephone Bldg.

Diamonds Watches Art Jewelry

AMERICAN FOREIGN AND QUAINT.

Parisian Style Today JET JEWELRY.

GRADUATE OPTICIAN EYES EXAMINED FREE

Extra inducements during Holidays—Railroad Fare Paid out-of-town purchases exceeding $10 value.

Holiday Goods.

Buy a coat for the little girl a Christmas present. Big discount on ladies and children's coats this week. Our store is full of useful Holiday Gifts. Don't fail to see them.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Tom Belden's Burglary

By W. I. SCANDLIN

Copyright, 1904, by H. Sprague

The familiar number, 120, painted in white upon the brownstone steps, suggested to Tom the lateness of the hour and, unlocking the vestibule door, he removed his shoes. Entering the house he softly closed and bolted the door and, shoes in hand, groped his way to the stairs.

As he passed the door at the top of the flight he thought he heard some one moving in his aunt's apartment. He had placed his foot upon the first step of the upper flight when a flood of electric light made the hall as bright as day.

In its sudden glare Tom saw the glittering barrel of a revolver looking in his face and heard the command "Hold those shoes at arm's length and back down into that hallroom behind you. If you try to escape, I'll shoot you dead!"

Tom stood aghast. His impulse was to run, but as he looked into the muzzle of that gun he mechanically obeyed, and, arms at length, a shoe dangling from each hand and beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, he backed into the room, and the key was turned upon him.

He realized that he was in a grave predicament. He could hear voices in the hall and some one speaking into the telephone, presumably summoning the police. Could he escape before they arrived? He could perhaps swing himself out of the window ledge and drop to the pavement, but the danger of broken limbs and an ignominious capture caused him to abandon the idea. The only other means of exit was by the door into the hall, and it was locked.

TOM SAW THE GLITTERING BARREL OF A REVOLVER.

Clearly he must remain where he was until the police came, when he could explain.

The bell rang. A detective and two officers entered.

"Good morning, ma'am. This is Mrs. Hapgood? Sergeant says you've got a burglar here under lock and key."

"Yes, officer; he's on the next floor in the hall room."

"Go up and fetch him," said the detective, and the two officers mounted the stairs. Mrs. Hapgood preceded the detective into the library.

"My brother, Mr. Waters," she began, "is connected with one of the morning papers. I have telephoned him, and he will be here soon. In his absence I am alone in the house with my maid and the cook. I retired about half past 11. The cook locked up downstairs, as usual, and is certain that every door and window was secure. I was awakened by some one moving about on this floor. I rose quietly and listened. I waited till I knew by the sound that the villain was just at the foot of the second flight, and then I turned on the lights, faced him with my revolver and quickly had him locked in the hall room."

"You're to be complimented, ma'am, on your nerve," commented the officer.

The officers came down the stairs with Tom between them. "There's a mistake here, sir," said one of them. "We'd better give the chap a chance to explain before we take him in. If he's crooked, he's the best disguised of any of 'em I ever seen."

"Tell Clancy to bring him in, and you go downstairs and find out if everything is O. K. there."

Tom had resumed his shoes and pulled himself together, and when he entered the library in charge of Officer Clancy there was nothing in his appearance to suggest the nature of his alleged profession.

"You are doubtless warranted, madam, in suspecting men of evil intent, but I assure you I am innocent of everything but a stupid blunder that led me to enter your house instead of my aunt's, with whom I am spending a few days. Her number, 120, is the same as this, but, as I know now, on the street below. The houses resemble each other very closely, and, strangely enough, my latchkey opened your door. Here it is. You may satisfy yourself, officer."

Clancy took the key, went out, closing both doors behind him, and reentered without difficulty.

"I can only offer you my most abject apology, madam," said the officer. "I'm sorry I've disturbed you. Good night."

"Good night, officer," said Mrs. Hapgood. "I'm sure you've done your duty."

Tom followed the officers down the stairs and out into the street. He walked rapidly away, and when he had turned the corner he hailed a passing hansom and was driven to his own rooms.

He had been gone several hours when Mrs. Hapgood's maid, who had been awakened by the ringing of the telephone bell, came to her mistress' room and said that Mr. Nixon was on the wire and wished to speak to her.

Mrs. Hapgood arose and, throwing a dressing gown about her, went to the telephone. "Is that you, Mr. Nixon?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Hapgood. I'm very sorry to disturb you at this hour, but I have just received a telegram from Mr. Belden, who is in Paris, asking me to send him a piece of the wedding cake. I have no piece of the wedding cake, and I thought perhaps you might have a piece left over from the reception. Can you oblige me?"

"Why, Mr. Nixon, I'm surprised at you! Don't you know that it is unlucky to send a piece of the wedding cake to a bachelor? Why, I'm surprised at you!"

"Then you haven't a piece?"

"Why, of course I have a piece, but I'm surprised at you!"

"Then you will send it to me?"

"Why, of course I will send it to you, but I'm surprised at you!"

"Then I'll send for it at once. Good night, Mrs. Hapgood."

"Good night, Mr. Nixon. I'm surprised at you!"

Mrs. Hapgood hung up the receiver and returned to her room. She told her maid that Mr. Nixon had sent for a piece of the wedding cake to send to Mr. Belden in Paris, and the maid, who had been with Mrs. Hapgood for many years, said that she thought it was a shame to send a piece of the wedding cake to a bachelor.

Mrs. Hapgood went to the pantry, cut a piece of the cake, wrapped it in a napkin and sent it down to Mr. Nixon by the elevator boy.

Mr. Nixon received the cake, and, thanking the boy, he went to the telephone and called up Mrs. Hapgood. "I have received the piece of cake, Mrs. Hapgood, and I thank you very much for it. I'll send it to Mr. Belden at once. Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Nixon. I'm surprised at you!"

Mr. Nixon hung up the receiver and, taking the piece of cake, went into the office of the suite, where Ruth Spaulding was busily engaged at her typewriting machine.

"Ruth," he said, "I'm sorry to disturb you, but I have received a telegram from Mr. Belden, who is in Paris, asking me to send him a piece of the wedding cake. I have no piece of the wedding cake, and I thought perhaps you might have a piece left over from the reception. Can you oblige me?"

Ruth looked up at him with a puzzled expression on her face. "Why, Mr. Nixon, I'm surprised at you! Don't you know that it is unlucky to send a piece of the wedding cake to a bachelor? Why, I'm surprised at you!"

"Then you haven't a piece?"

"Why, of course I have a piece, but I'm surprised at you!"

"Then you will send it to me?"

"Why, of course I will send it to you, but I'm surprised at you!"

"Then I'll send for it at once. Good night, Ruth."

"Good night, Mr. Nixon. I'm surprised at you!"

Ruth reached up and turned off the electric fan that was whirring over her head and went on with her writing. A moment later Jackson dashed into the office.

"If you will come with me," he said to his employer, "I'll show you the real explanation of those flashes. Please come."

He stopped a moment at Ruth's desk, then led Nixon out into the hall. Like Spaulding, he went to the empty office on the other side of the building. The heliograph flashes were still sending their mute signals, but in a moment they stopped. Presently they began again, and again ceased. This was repeated several times when Harry turned to his companion.

"You know that fan over Miss Coddington's desk? It's one of the sort that swings back and forth to keep the air moving. That flash is caused by the back of the fan. There's a brass screw that catches the sun and makes the flash when it comes into the sunlight. The moment Miss Coddington turns off the fan the signals stop. That's the whole explanation of the mystery."

"But the leakage of the information?" persisted the troubled Nixon. "That does not account for that."

"I can show you what does," was the jubilant answer. "I worked in an electrical place once, and I got the idea there. Your telephone wires, like the rest, run around the building, because this place was built before the idea of interior conduits for wires was developed. They all run around the building until they come to the lower corner, and then they join the cable that runs down to the street conduit. All the Hennings people had to do was to tap your private wire to the exchange and get the whole thing. They got some outside man to do the tapping. Every message you send to the street comes in here."

Nixon leaned out and verified the fact. Then he turned to Harry.

"I think," he said, "that by sending false messages over the wire for a few days we can recoup our losses. Then we will have Hennings arrested. It's a criminal offense, I believe."

He turned and led the way back to his own office. Ruth looked up anxiously as they entered.

"My dear Miss Coddington," he said, with old fashioned courtesy, "I have to beg your pardon for even suspecting you." He clasped her hand warmly and turned to the bookkeeper.

"Miss Coddington and Mr. Jackson are going to take next week and the week after for their honeymoon trip," he said. "Please make them out a check for a thousand as a wedding present from the firm. No, don't thank me," he went on as Ruth sprang forward. "Send me a piece of the wedding cake; that's all."

The Missel Thrush.

The robin, that "pious" bird, is very quarrelsome, and it exasperates one to watch him wasting the precious hours of food in hunting another hungry robin up and down and around and around till the sparrows have cleared the board. The blackbirds, too, are very annoying in the way that they snatch up a lump of bread and fly off with it, only to be chased about for the rest of the morning by other blackbirds, while a sparrow makes a square meal off the morsel fallen meanwhile under a shrub. But relentless as they are in pursuit, the curious fact is that they seldom fight. If the pursued turns the pursuer stops, perks up his tail and, being promptly charged by the other, becomes in his turn the pursued. But woe to both when the missel thrush comes. He is pitiless in pursuit, and I have seen them pass my window time after time in the course of a morning, the storm cock hard on the "heels" of the blackbird, and when they overtake them what happens? For myself I believe the missel thrush is a cannibal. At any rate, I attribute some of the dead blackbirds and thrushes that one finds about the grounds to his cruel beak. He watches for birds for hours at a time, like a bird of prey, and attacks them like one. I have often stopped a chase which I knew could only end one way. —Contemporary Review.

The relief of coughs and colds through laxative influence, originated with Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup containing honey and tar, a cough syrup containing no opiates or poison, which is extensively sold. Secure a bottle at once, obtain a guarantee coupon and if not fully satisfied with results, your money will be refunded. For sale by Pfiffer Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

IMITATION ANTIQUES

THE WAY CABINETMAKERS CAN COPY ANCIENT FURNITURE.

Curious Inside Information That Was Gleaned by an Inquisitive Visitor at a Little Shop in an English Country Village.

Sober, he is one of the most interesting men I know. Unfortunately he is sober only three days a week. When I ask him the reason he merely says he doesn't know. Yesterday when I walked into the laboratory at the back of his little village shop he was a Band of Hope epitomized.

"There's something you'll like," he said, indicating a small bureau, old Spanish mahogany within, new satinwood veneer—so far unpolished—without. The veneer was inlaid with ebony lines and kingwood bands. The accuracy of the jointing was wonderful, the finish perfect.

"You must come in again when I've stained and polished it," he went on, "and then you'll think it one of the best Queen Anne pieces extant."

"Don't your customers ever find you out?" I asked.

"Lord, no, sir! When you've pulled seventeenth century furniture to pieces all your life and learned the things the tenons and mortises and the finish tell you, it's easy enough to get the right effect. The public hasn't any judgment, and, for that matter, many of the London dealers aren't much better."

"But this veneer—so very new," I hazarded.

"Ah, wait until you see it toned down and the drawers fitted with a set of old Boule handles and scutcheons I've got by me and a few little dents hammered here and there, especially about the feet, where they get kicked. You'll not know it then. See that little black knot I've let on the face of the third drawer? That knot would take in all Wardour street."

He is always frank with me about his fakes. He seems to take a pride in being able to deceive a trained eye and a satisfaction in explaining his dexterity.

I left the bureau and began examining a hoary looking oak settle gray with age.

"Looks ancient, doesn't it?" he observed.

"Looks!" I wondered. "Surely it's genuine?"

He shook his head with a wise old smile. "It's as genuine as dilute nitric acid can make it. Oh, you needn't go by the panels. They're purposely warped with hot ammonia. The sun and rain do the rest—bleach it, you know."

"But the carving?" I argued. "It's almost effaced in places."

"It would be after half an hour with a sand blast, a little thing of my own contrivance. The worm holes I make with a very fine punch. Beginners use shot, but that's a clumsy way. Of course the timbers it's made of are old. They are bits of a Charles I. table mostly. The hinges are ordinary trade copies that have lain in the wet all summer and got nicely rusted, and if you were to draw the screws that hold them you'd find they were rusty, too, and had no points. Those I filed off and then hammered the heads a bit."

"I didn't know you—treated metal as well as timber," I admitted.

"Sometimes. See that firebuck?"

I went to the corner indicated and scrutinized the firebuck. As far as I could tell, it was a beautiful specimen of hammer work bitten and worn by over two centuries of use, as its date, 1687, seemed to show.

"I bought a dozen of those of different dates from a man who makes them. They're only cast, but after they've had a bonfire over them in my yard for a week or two they get soft and look right enough, don't they?"

I admitted that they did, flinching a bit, though, at the adjective he used.

"There's a regular trade between the manufacturers of faked antiques and the country dealers—more than with the London ones. Why? Well, the manufacturers have discovered that people go into the country districts now hunting for antiques. They think the things they pick up there must be genuine. The simple countryman inspires confidence. There's nothing hardly that can't be imitated," he went on. "It's merely a question of time—and skill, of course—and it's only by accident, or talking as I'm doing, that the fact's discovered. But when a man knows he can take in an expert it's difficult for him to keep it to himself—that is, if he's got a sense of humor. Do you think that Syrian gold work they had at the Louvre would have been known as a forgery if somebody hadn't talked? No, indeed! There's china, now. People always think it's above suspicion, but you just look at those two china cows on the shelf there. One's genuine old Staffordshire. The other isn't. Can you tell the difference?"

I used a pocket magnifying glass this time, but at the end of several minutes I came to the conclusion that they were identical and said so.

"I gave one and nine for the imitation one, but I can't tell which now," he admitted.

"And the selling price?" I inquired.

"Six guineas each. One of them's worth that. After all, it doesn't really matter, for there's no difference between them intrinsically." —London Mail.

Angelic Temperament.

"He is good natured, is he?"

"Good natured! Why, I have known that man to wear a smiling face when he was speaking of taking off a porous plaster."

A civil guest will no more talk all than eat all the feast—Herbert.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

HOW THE RAIN CAME.

A Terrifying Event to a Stranger in the Philippines.

For a real lively matinee performance the coming of the rainy season in the Philippines has no end of right to be considered.

This is the experience of one woman who supposedly arrived during the dry season:

Seated at her window she could hear a roaring tattoo in the grove of almon palms to the south. The noise neared, rose, thundered.

Long, lithe cocoanuts began an inexplicable bending to and fro, their tops circling in trembling descent almost to the earth, then swinging back to the spring of the bow tense trunks in a movement exaggerated and violent, like that of some stage tempest.

Out in the grove, beaten, trampled down, there advanced into the open a black wall of rain, perpendicular from earth to sky. Ahead of it dust, twigs, rubbish, suddenly ascended to heaven in rotary spirals. Trees were flayed of their leaves. Roofs flew up like gigantic bats.

Then her own house, strongly built, shook as with earthquake. The thatch of the roof sprang vertical, like that stiffens with fear, and between the interstices she saw the muddy sky stream by.

A powder of debris, of dry rot, snowed. Down upon the table, the books, the chairs, little lizards, unperched, struck the floor with a squeak like that of a mechanical doll, remained as dead for a long minute, then scampered across the room and up the walls again. Great black spiders, centipeds, scorpions, fell; sometimes a large rat.

Then the nipa clicked back to position as a box is shut. Breathless silence, a heavy immobility, petrified the world. There came three or four detached, resounding raps upon the roof, and suddenly a furious roaring beating as of stones coming down, great stones clutted in thousands, in millions, and the church, the plaza, the mountain, the whole land, disappeared in a yellow swirl of water.—McClure's Magazine.

GOUDEAU'S SHEEP.

It Matched His Dog and Satisfied the Tax Collector.

Emile Goudeau, a celebrated character of Paris, was one of the most confirmed bohemians that ever lived.

There is a story of him and a certain black spaniel which followed him with the faithfulness with which the historic little lamb attached itself to the historic little Mary. Goudeau and the dog, in fact, were never separated.

It dawned upon the tax gatherer of the neighborhood that Goudeau had not paid his dues for the "inferior brother."

He approached him, therefore, in as friendly a spirit as possible, being, indeed, an old acquaintance, and said, "M. Goudeau, I must ask you to pay your tax for the spaniel."

The bohemian was immensely surprised, or affected to be. "But don't you know, my dear sir," he said in a tone of remonstrance, "this is a sheep dog, useful to me in my work and consequently exempt from the tax?"

"But you are no shepherd," returned the tax gatherer; "you are a poet."

"No shepherd!" replied Goudeau. "Every poet is a shepherd. Have you not heard of Virgil and Theocritus"—

The poet would have recited twenty other names if the tax gatherer, alarmed at such a display of learning, had not stopped him. "But at least you have no sheep," he said.

"No; I admit that," said Goudeau. "It is because I am too poor. But I will rectify that."

And he did. Next day he was observed promenading the streets of Montmartre with the same old black spaniel, but with a newcomer in the shape of a real, live, woolly sheep.—London Sketch.

The Word "Cutler."

"Cutler," according to its present use, should mean a man who makes things that cut, but really it has no more to do with "cut" than "cutlass" and "cutlet" have, which is just nothing at all. "Cut" has some Teutonic origin, but "cutler" comes through French from the late Latin "cultellarius," which meant either a soldier armed with a knife or a knifemaker, and "cultellus," a little knife, was the diminutive of "culter," which, among other things, meant a plowshare or "coulter." "Cutlass" comes from the same source, and "cutlet" is "cotelette," a little rib.

One Thing Lacking.

"I hear," said Ill Tragedy, "that while you were playing in one of the country towns a fire broke out in the theater."

"Yes," said Low Comedy, "and there might have been a horrible panic but for one thing."

"What was that?"

"There weren't enough people in the audience to create one."—Moonshine.

The Regular Charge.

"I've come to pay my bill," said the patient; "$120, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Soulcom, "making a total of $122."

"Er—I don't quite understand."

"That brings it up to date, including today. I charge $2 for office visits, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Loophole.

"When in doubt," said the weather prophet, "always predict something disagreeable."

"What for?"

"If you're wrong, people are so pleased they don't criticise you."—Washington Star.

The fate of all of us, men and women alike, is to be forever wanting what we have not.—Jerome K. Jerome

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Political Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—T. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Barton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKinley, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy R. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—N. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. R. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Deming.
Justices—H. L. Knapp, R. G. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. P. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. G. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tait.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Rungiville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOONEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
I. R. HOGARTH, C of R

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m.. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:46 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
(ALL DEALERS)

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p m week days.

For Lumber, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:18 a m 2:35, 4:36 p m week days.

For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Lurabee 9:18 a m week days.

For Rochester 2:35 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:35 a m for Mt. Jewett, Kane, DuBois and Kushequa.
9:43 a m for Bradford.
11:50 a m for Mt. Jewett, Kushequa, Kane and Pittsburg.
2:35 p m for Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester.
5:15 p m for Bradford, Kushequa and Kane and DuBois.

Trains arrive at Smethport at

8:35 a m from Bradford
10:45 a m from DuBois, Kane, Mt Jewett and Kushequa.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Bradford.
3:35 p m from Pittsburg, Kane, Mt. Jewett & Kushequa.
6:15 p m from DuBois, Kane, Kushequa and Mt. Jewett.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 3rd, 1906, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:35 a. m., 12:50 p. m., 2:35 p m and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:00	12:25	5:00
Mt. Jewett	7:25	10:54	4:30
Kane	8:55	2:30	6:40
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:50	1:20	4:35
Kane	11:20	10:20	3:55
Mt. Jewett	8:20	2:55	6:05

Arriving at Smethport at 8:35 a. m., 12:50 p. m. and 6:15 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. R. S. BULLER, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 26, 1905

MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
	6:25	8:40	Hornellsville	A9:30	5:50	
	6:36	8:36	Arkport	9:25	5:48	
	f	f	Burns	f	f	
	6:47	8:30	Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
	6:54	8:42	Canisteo	9:07	5:30	
	6:59	8:48	Garwoods	9:02	5:25	
	7:10	8:59	Swains	8:48	5:10	
	7:28	9:17	Birdsall	8:29	4:57	
	7:35	9:35	Angelica	8:05	4:33	
	8:22	10:12	Friendship	7:17	4:05	
	8:54	10:45	Bolivar	L7:05	3:23	
5:40		11:05	Olean		2:02	10:22
6:27			Eldred			9:36
6:50			Larabee			9:28
7:18			Smethport			9:00
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50		1:33	St. Marys		A4:50	L6:20
		10:07	Shawmut		2:21	
		A10:42	Fruckwayville		L1:50	
P M	P M	A M			A M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
3:50	11:00	7:19L	Wayland	A10:25	3:02	0:55
3:36	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:20	2:56	6:52
3:18	11:13	7:32	Rogersville	10:13	2:49	6:45
3:07	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:33	6:29
	f		Burns	f	f	
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:09A	Hornellsville	L9:31	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M			A M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. MULHERN, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa. JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, April 16, 1906.

Trains leave Port Allegany for Coudersport, Ulysses and intermediate stations at 9:20 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 5:10 p. m. and 7:12 p. m.

Trains leave Coudersport for Port Allegany at 4:30 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:50 p. m., 4:55 p. m. and 9:00 p. m.

Trains leave Ulysses for Coudersport and Port Allegany at 7:20 a. m. and 3:45 p. m

Sunday trains—Leave Coudersport 9:00 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. Leave Port Allegany for Coudersport at 11:40 a. m. and 6:00 p. m.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

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Flashed From a Fan

By COLIN S. COLLINS

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That the junior partner did not like Miss Coddington was a self evident fact. The senior partner and the manager approved her work, and once the manager had even praised it, but letters never went into Frank Spaulding's room that they were not returned for correction—usually just before closing time.

Only Ruth Coddington and Harry Jackson knew why Spaulding disliked her, for it was Jackson, working late over his books, who had come at her call when the junior partner had tried to kiss her as she brought in to him some late work.

It had marked them down as the victims of Spaulding's wrath, but it had also established between them a bond of sympathy that had ripened into love. Spaulding could not very well have them dismissed without explaining why he wanted it done, so he took his revenge in making things about the office as unpleasant for them as he could.

But they did not care for his petty meannesses so long as they were together. Jackson had been given the promise of a raise in the fall, and together they would have enough to make a comfortable home. There would be a quiet marriage, and they would wait for their honeymoon for the following year.

Then suddenly the firm began to lose money. Until Spaulding had been taken in as a partner Gordon Nixon had conducted a conservative brokerage business. With the coming of the younger man they had taken to speculating on their own account. Now in some mysterious fashion the market invariably went against them.

Nixon worried much over the situation. The fever of gambling is in the

THERE CAME A REGULAR FLASH.

blood of those who handle stocks, and as loss followed loss he sought the sadly needed recoup by making heavier investments until his entire fortune was pretty well tied up.

For a time they had operated brilliantly and had taken a position of power in the market that had brought many new customers who follow "lucky" firms with blind superstition. Now they were losing their customers as well as their money, and Hennings, Crease & Hennings were winning their business away.

Hennings and Nixon had been bitter enemies for years, and Nixon would rather have lost outright double what he had dropped than that he should have lost it to the man who had stolen from him the girl he loved. He could not believe that any one in the office should be guilty of treachery, and yet Hennings appeared to have information of his moves almost before they had been made.

"I think I can show you," suggested Spaulding as he listened to the elder's plaint. "Come with me."

Spaulding led the way to the other side of the quadrangle about which the offices were grouped. He ascended one flight and stepped into a vacant office directly over those occupied by Hennings' firm.

"I was in here the other day looking for new offices," he said. "I thought it might be a good plan for me to have a private office here where I might keep an eye on Hennings. This is what I noticed."

He led the way to the window and pointed across to their own offices. From one of the open windows there came a regular flash. For a few moments they stared in silence; then Spaulding drew his partner away.

"I suppose you know what heliographing is?" he suggested.

"It's a military telegraph with flashes from a mirror, isn't it?" asked Nixon.

Spaulding nodded.

"I suppose you don't remember that little mirror Miss Coddington carries in her purse?" he asked meaningly. "I noticed it the other day when I was over. It's a pity you cannot read the Morse code."

Slowly Nixon turned out of the office. "I liked that girl," he said sadly. "She seemed to be an earnest and conscientious little thing."

"I told you some time ago," suggested apologies and trust you will accept my explanation." Tom continued.

"Did you find a gun on him, Clancy?" asked the detective.

"No, sir, but he's got a good big wad of money."

"Do you know, ma'am, if your money's safe?"

"Yes, it's untouched in the drawer of my dresser."

"This is no new scheme, ma'am, but I'm strongly inclined to think that in this case the gent is straight. If the people on the next street identify him we can let him go. But of course if you say the word we'll pull him in now."

"No; give him a chance to clear himself, but be sure before you let him go."

Tom now breathed freely. He knew that a few inquiries would set him straight, but he had greatly feared that he might be locked up while they were being made.

The officer returned from downstairs and, stepping to Tom's side, reported:

"There's a pane of glass out of the rear extension window. The back door is open and the swag's all tied up in the tablecloth in the dining room, and"—Here the maid, entering excitedly, interrupted. "I'm sure, ma'am," she gasped, "I just heard some one moving in your room!"

"There's two of 'em, boys," whispered the detective. "Fit them bracelets." And Tom was handcuffed. "Clancy, go quietly upstairs and cover the door to the roof. Brady, watch the fire escape." Then, turning to Tom, "You walk quietly ahead of me, and if you give any signal I'll make you look like the outside rim of a target after pistol practice."

Instantly the situation became clear to Tom, but he knew his best course was to obey, so he started down the hall and quietly preceded the officer up the stairs.

At the top of the flight the detective stopped and listened. Suddenly pushing open the door of Mrs. Hapgood's room, he revered with his revolver the real burglar, who was pilfering the dresser.

"Here, Clancy," he shouted, "put the nippers on this man and take 'em both downstairs!"

They were halfway down when the front door opened and a tall, nobble aged man of fine appearance entered. He was evidently prepared for the situation and was about to speak to the officer when, seeing Tom, he stepped forward and, extending his hand, exclaimed:

"Hello, Dr. Elton. How in the name of conscience did you get here, and what's all this about—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Walters," answered Tom, "if I give you both my hands. It's difficult to differentiate just now, but if you can prove your identity and establish mine you'll put me under eternal obligations." Then, turning to the officer: "Say, man, don't you think I can get along without these ornaments now? I've helped you to catch a real thief, and it's time you let up."

"Why, you see," said Mr. Waters to his sister after the officers had gone with their prisoner, "I have known Tom Belden for years. He used to be our Boston correspondent.

Then he turned to Tom.

"Come on, my boy; let's go down to the dining room and see if that deatted thief left any cigars on the sideboard. I'll keep you with me until I think it safe to let you out. You might have further trouble finding the right 120."

"I say, Mr. Waters," responded Tom, "if you'll promise not to give this yarn away to the boys I'll sign an agreement to stop at a hotel whenever I visit New York again and give you a key to my room."

Dead Ivory.

The idea that innumerable elephants are shot to supply the market with ivory is incorrect, as the majority is what is known as dead ivory—that is, tusks of animals that have died from natural causes in the bush, many of them perhaps centuries ago. Climatic and other influences cause the color of the ivory to vary from pure white to dark brown. The latter, however, is only a surface discoloration that can be removed by scraping. Climate, however, affects the substance to a very great degree, rendering some hard and brittle and in other cases increasing the liability to crack and split. Some of the ivory that arrives from the northern part of central Africa is exposed to the sun throughout its long journey on camels across the desert and has to be bound up in rawhide to protect it and prevent it from splitting. Trifling as a defect in the surface may appear to the uninitiated, it may reveal to the expert the presence of disease within or may enormously reduce the value of the tusk by rendering it unsuitable for some particular class of work.

Birds of Prey.

The sharp eyed hawk can spy a lark upon a piece of earth almost exactly the same color at twenty times the distance it is perceptible to man or dog. A kite soaring out of human sight still can distinguish and pounce upon rabbits and field mice upon the ground, and the distance at which vultures and eagles can spy their prey is almost incredible. Recent discoveries have inclined naturalists to the belief that birds of prey have not the acute sense of smell or of hearing that has hitherto been accredited them. Their keen sight seems better to account for their action, and they appear to be guided by sight alone, as they never sniff at anything, but dart straight after the objects of their desire. Their counterparts in the ocean doubtless smell and see, but are more guided by smell than sight. In both sharks and rays the eyes are good and have a distinct expression, though since they scent their prey from a short distance and swim up to it with greatest rapidity, smell may be called their real eye.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Full Amount May Not Be Paid Even When Loss Is Complete.

In a fire insurance policy the sum insured merely marks the maximum liability accepted by the insurance company and determines the premium to be paid. It is not in any way admitted by the insurance office as a measure of the value of the property insured.

If I have a life policy for £5,000, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century, my heirs can, on proof of my death and their title, receive at least £5,000, possibly more if there are bonuses. If I have a ship and I insure her with marine insurance companies for £5,000, I can recover the full £5,000 at once should my ship be totally lost.

But if I insure my house against fire for £5,000 I cannot recover £5,000 unless I can prove the house to be worth fully that sum. All that I am entitled to demand is the actual value of my house immediately before it was burned, and I must give every assistance to the insurance company in order that the actual value may be justly determined.

By statute the insurance company has the power to reinstate that house, as far as the sum insured will go, instead of paying me anything. In practice, compensation is usually agreed and paid in cash without recourse on either side to the right of reinstatement, but in no case am I entitled to more than the actual value of my house as it existed just before the fire.

PATENTS ON INVENTIONS.

Must Be In the Names of the Actual Inventors.

The law provides for the granting of patents only to the actual inventor of the patented invention, and a patent granted in the name of any one else is invalid. For this reason it is essential that the application for patent be made in the name of the one whom the law regards as the inventor. In some factories it is the custom to patent every invention in the name of the president of the company. This frequently happens because the company has been built up on inventions made by the president or other officer, and as a matter of course the president wishes to see his name used in his name.

This is a [illegible] in the case of [illegible] received by the [illegible] of the [illegible] was wholly worked out by [illegible] suggestion or assistance from the officer, for if in a suit brought under such patent it were shown that while the patent was granted in the name of the officer the invention was actually made by an employee the patent would be declared invalid, and usually a suit would not have reached such a stage until it was too late to go back and patent the invention in the name of the real inventor.—Edwin J. Prindle in Engineering Magazine.

The Huguenots.

Here are two essays on the Huguenots by Chicago public school pupils:

"The Hugonots are people in France that are followers of Victor Hugo. Their leader is a man named Jean Valjean that was a thief, but got converted and turned out well. The Hugonots are very good people. A lady named Evangeline wrote a long poem about them, but it don't rhyme."

"The Huenenots is the name of a big thing like a steam roller that the mogul used in India to run over people. It squoshed them to death and was very terrible. It had eyes painted on it like a dragon and snorted steam when it was running. They are no hugnenots enny more."

John Bright and Lord Manners.

In one of his speeches in the house of commons John Bright quoted in a spirit of banter and ridicule the well known lines written by Lord John Manners in his callow youth:

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

Lord John, who was present, immediately got up and pulverized the great tribune by retorting, "I would rather be the foolish young man who wrote those lines than the malignant old man who quoted them."

Mozart.

Mozart lived thirty-seven years. His first mass was composed when he was less than ten years of age, and the enormous quantity of his compositions was the work of the succeeding twenty-seven years. Mozart wrote forty-one symphonies, fifteen masses, over thirty operas and dramatic compositions, forty-one sonatas, together with an immense number of vocal and concerted pieces in almost every line of the art.

Dubious.

Stippler—Did Miss Kutts admire your paintings? Dobber—I don't know. Stippler—What did she say about them? Dobber—That she could feel that I put a great deal of myself into my work. Stippler—Well, that's praise, Dobber—Is it? The picture I showed her was "Calves In a Meadow."

Real Reform.

Dibbles—There goes Rhymer and his rich wife. She married him nearly a year ago to reform him. Scribbles—Did she succeed? Dibbles—Sure. He hasn't written a poem since they faced the parson together.—Chicago News.

Same Old Feeling.

Gladys—I feel sure he has never loved before, Penelope—Oh, I felt the same way, dear, when he used to make love to me!—New York Press.

HALLIDAY'S BRIDE

By Louise Merrifield

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O'Donnell hailed the bus at Twenty-sixth street. It would take him to the door of the bank and give him time to read the letter over again.

He did not know how long he had stood on the corner, her letter crushed in one hand, his eyes staring at the passing vehicles and people. The letter had been delayed. She had mailed it over two weeks before in Brittany, and less than a week after he had read of her marriage to Halliday—merely a brief four or five lines in the cable dispatches concerning noted Americans abroad, but she had written him that letter a week before the marriage.

The bus stopped in front of him to let a passenger alight. Half unconsciously he accepted the invitation of its open swinging door and slipped into the corner seat as it swung on leisurely up the avenue. There were three other occupants of the bus, all women. He did not look at them. Just at that particular moment he did not feel kindly toward the sex.

Smoothing out the double sheet of pale gray note paper, he reread the letter from Penelope Graham.

You dear old boy, aren't you ashamed to be so selfish? We sail on the 20th. Is not that early enough? You have begrudged me every day of this last chance of mine to take a fling at the world as a lone old maid. In every letter you beg me to take the next boat back. And, really, Jack, I know it will make you feel worse, but we are having a splendid time! Uncle Rex and the girls met us in Paris and will go up to Holland with Aunt Nan as soon as Bess and I start for home. It has been a glorious trip, and when I think that next year it will be you and I drifting together through all those dear little old world corners seeing the things we both love, why, do you know, I have even kept a notebook that will serve as our guide, so as not to miss one single place or picture that I want you to see. Next year, Jack! Won't we be old married people then, though! Uncle Rex says I don't act a bit like a young person about to be married in three weeks, but it doesn't seem like a comedown, does it at all, just part of the drifting and glorious happiness of life together.

Bess and I are to sail on the 20th. Will you meet us? I know you will, of course, but I can hardly wait to catch the first glimpse of your face. Oh, dear boy, sometimes I am half afraid I may own joy and the perfect peace of it. Love is tempestuous, Bess says, and uncertain and full of errors and ignorance and troubles and bubbles, and I am only happy. But Ross has never been in love, so she cannot know. Three weeks! Mamma thinks white chrysanthemums will make the prettiest decoration for the chapel and favors instead of palms—

O'Donnell read no further. Something blinded his sight; something seemed to grip his throat and choke him. She had written that letter to him and then married Halliday a week later.

The bus halted and one of the women stepped by him. He held the door open mechanically. She was old and dressed in a white embroidered Eton suit, with a fine white mesh veil, spotted daintily in black, drawn over her wrinkles. To O'Donnell she looked like the incarnation of feminine inconsistency.

Halliday, Stephen Halliday! Pen had mentioned him in her steamer letter when they had crossed in June, merely mentioned that he was on board also and that her uncle was glad to see him. He must be about thirty-seven, a mighty decent sort of fellow, of course, but not for Pen, his Pen, with her sensitive ways and dear, precious, unspoiled illusions and ideals of life in general and men in particular.

Yesterday had been the 20th, when he was to have met her. He had seen by the papers that the Sirius was in, and among the list of passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Halliday. They must have caught the first boat out of Cherbourg.

O'Donnell opened the door a second time to let another woman out at Forty-second street. He did not notice what she was like. His head whirled dizzily, as though he were on the end of a long rope circling through space. It was foolish to lose his grip just because a girl had thrown him over—idiotic. He would get through with the bank and take a run out of town to freshen up, to forget.

At the next corner the last woman alighted. She wore a white chiffon veil and appeared to be in a hurry. O'Donnell sighed in relief to know he was alone and looked about him. And then he started, every nerve tense and taut, for on the floor of the bus, almost at his feet, lay the little gold mesh coin purse that he had given Penelope before she left for Europe.

Before he had lifted it in his hand he was positive, even before he saw her initials on the top band. It had a curious little ring on the chain to slip over the finger, a dull gold circle set in diamonds. For a moment he held the purse stupidly, staring at it with hungry, eager eyes. It was hers; she had held it in her hand a moment ago.

Suddenly recollection flashed upon him. He remembered the woman with the chiffon veil. It was she, of course. He had not noticed. She had been in a hurry, naturally. Probably she had recognized him and dreaded their meeting. Without signaling for the bus to stop he swung down the steps to the street and started headlong back to Forty-third street, looking for a woman with a white chiffon veil.

She was nowhere in sight, but he kept on. If it were Penelope he would find her somehow. And suddenly as he passed the postal station one of the swinging doors opened and she came out, tall, slender, dressed in gray, with the white chiffon veil over her face.

"Pen!" he exclaimed. "Pen, darling!—

[illegible] white veil was raised [illegible] looking into Bess' dancing, laughing blue eyes and [illegible] her extended hands in his.

"Don't shout in the street, Jack," she said hurriedly. "Walk decently and orderly with me to the depot. Mamma's waiting for me there. We thought you were dead or something. Why didn't you show up at the boat yesterday? Didn't you get Pen's letter?"

"Pen—yes, I got the letter." O'Donnell stumbled at the curb and righted himself with an effort. "I also saw the press dispatches. That's why I thought perhaps my appearance at the boat wasn't necessary. Rather sudden, wasn't it."

"Sudden? Was it in the papers here?" Bess stopped and gasped. "But it couldn't be. We never told a soul, and we caught the night train out of Paris and the early steamer from Cherbourg. And no one knew, not even Pen. Why, mamma didn't know until she met Steve and me yesterday.

O'Donnell stared at her. The long rope was beginning to swing him perilously around again. He took Bess by the arm and led her under an awning at the corner in the shade.

"Where's Pen?" he asked quietly, very quietly.

"Why, at home, of course. Where would she be, goose? How white and old you look, Jack! Pen came with us. Of course she didn't approve. Pen never could see anything interesting in love mania, you know, and it was perfectly useless trying to make her understand an elopement. But why on earth didn't you meet us yesterday? Pen thinks you're dead or lost. She phoned the office, and they said you hadn't been there since Saturday."

"I had not. I only went back today," answered O'Donnell slowly. "Somebody must have got hold of the elopement and called it here, but they made a little mistake in the names. They said that Miss Penelope Graham was married to Stephen Halliday."

"Oh, how perfectly killing, Jack!" Bess gave one of her crazy little girlish cries. "And you thought, you poor old boy—why, of course you must have thought Pen, then, how could you ever think that Steve would want to marry Pen instead of me?"

"Wasn't it absurd?" murmured O'Donnell abstractedly, looking at the depot clock. "And Pen is out home at Glenwood?"—

"No. Did I say she was? You know I'm half crazy these days. Steve says it's permissible. Pen's right here in the depot with mamma waiting for me. I wanted to see Steve before we left town, and they went on ahead. Steve's coming out on the 5:35 with papa. Oh, Jack, just think, you and Steve will be brothers now!"

"Yes?" muttered O'Donnell under his breath, and they entered the depot, where Penelope was waiting.

Second Sight and Mirage.

Has "second sight" any relation to the phenomena of mirage? The following anecdote suggests that second sight may be the result of "refraction of events" in a normal way. The Rev. ——, a celebrated scholar, who tells the tale, was fishing Loch Leven with Lord ——. They were out of sight of the little wooden pier whence the boats start. Mr. —— remarked that Lord —— was gazing with a strange and startled expression across the loch. "What is the matter?" he asked. "We are out of sight of the pier, are we not?" answered Lord ——. "Certainly we are," said Mr. ——. "Well, I saw the pier and a boat coming in, with a very tall, heavy man lying in it. The boatman lifted him on to the pier with difficulty. He seemed to be dead." Returning at sunset, the angler found that a heavy fisher had died suddenly in his boat and been lifted to the pier at the moment when Lord —— saw the thing happen.

Could this be a case of natural refraction, as when a friend of mine, walking down Market street, St. Andrews, with his back to the cathedral, saw the cathedral facing him? Much amazed, he asked a passerby if he saw anything unusual. "Man, I see the cathedral!" said the other. The vision was shared, but Mr. —— did not share the vision of Lord ——.

—Andrew Lang in London Illustrated News.

The Value of Literary Criticism.

Has literary criticism any value? A contemplation of its blunders almost makes one hesitate to say "Yes." The history of literature, ancient and modern, shows that if Homer sometimes nods Aristarchus is still oftener found napping. The oracles of criticism, like all others, have erred in all ages and never more ridiculously than when they have been most confident and most dogmatic in their judgments. To a reader who lacks imagination and finds the best expositive poetical conceptions and creations are like enuniform writing on a roll from Pompeii.

J. Blanco White, speaking of a woman carrying primroses by his window, says, "They were new primroses, so blooming and so tender that it might be said that their perfume was received by the eye." This is a novel and striking thought, which only the fondest love could have suggested. But think of the scorn which the "nonsense" would elicit from a cold blooded, matter of fact reader! He would class it with the "not light, but darkness visible" of Milton or the lines in Keats' "Pot of Basil:

So the two brothers and their murdered man
Rode toward fair Florence.

—William Mathews in Success Magazine.

NAPOLEON.

The Courtesy of the Famous Exile on the Undaunted.

In George Cruikshank's Omnibus, a short lived periodical edited by Laman Blanchard, is a clever sketch entitled "A Short Chapter in Private," in which we get a glimpse of Napoleon Bonaparte during his voyage to Elba. The author relates how he interviewed an old Margate boatman named Emptage, who had served on the Hyacinth man-of-war under Captain afterward Admiral Usher and on the Undaunted in Frejus bay when Napoleon embarked from that port for Elba. The article is illustrated by two drawings by Cruikshank, in one of which Napoleon is represented leaning against the breech of a gun and in another as pursued by a bluejacket at Toulon, where, as Emptage declared Napoleon related, he was wounded by a British sailor.

In conversation Emptage states that Napoleon on coming on board the Undaunted went forward and conversed with the sailors in what he calls a sort of lingo, which may have been Italian or French, or perhaps a mixture of both. It is certain that Napoleon did not speak English, although he knew enough of that language to read the naval and military news in an English newspaper. Emptage's tale is corroborated by Admiral Ussher, who published a narrative of the voyage to Elba, in which he says:

"On arriving alongside I immediately went up the side (of the Undaunted) to receive the emperor on the quarter deck. He took his hat off and bowed to the officers, who were all assembled on the deck. He soon afterward went forward to the forecastle among the people, and I found him there conversing with those among them who understood a little French."

It seems evident that Napoleon took pains to ingratiate himself with the crew of the Undaunted during the voyage from Frejus. Lord Rosebery relates:

"When he (Napoleon) left the Undaunted, which conveyed him to Elba, the boatswain, on behalf of the ship's company, had wished him long life and prosperity in the isle of Elba and better luck next time."

The good wishes of the crew were probably stimulated by the very liberal present Napoleon made on leaving the ship.

The article in the Omnibus, which appeared in 1832, describes Emptage as approaching his seventieth year and as having been several times wounded.

I remember Emptage well. He was very popular with visitors to Margate, and one of his admirers presented him with a fully equipped sailboat, which he called the Old Friend, on which I have frequently sailed out to the Goodwins and back.—London Notes and Queries.

Brahms as a Barbarian.

Brahms was a hearty eater and particularly fond of Italian cookery. One day he and Dr. Billroth, the eminent Austrian surgeon, visited Herr Wichmann in Rome and were invited to a breakfast alla romana. The host's cook, Mora, did her prettiest, and the wine supplemented her efforts. Brahms' thoughts were on the viands he had just enjoyed. In jovial humor he raised the question whether it was not his duty to take back with him to Germany a wife who could provide so admirable a meal as Mora. Finally Wichmann, with mock seriousness, presented himself to Mora as a suitor for her hand in behalf of a great German artist. "Moreover, he is a musician," he explained, "and you surely are fond of music, for you sing about the house all day. What say you?" Mora's answer was classic. She looked at Wichmann, then at Brahms from top to toe and, with an energetic gesture, replied, "Sono romana, nata al Ponte Rotto, dove sta il tempio di Vesta, non sposero mai un barbaro." ("I am a Roman, born near the Ponte Rotto, where the temple of Vesta stands. I never will marry a barbarian.")

Jefferson's State Dinners.

Jefferson was a methodical man, keeping account of all his expenditures, and the yellowed accounts kept while he was in the White House show that he spent $12,000 for liquors alone during his term of eight years. Notwithstanding the low prices, Jefferson often spent as high as $50 on his small dinners, wine list not included, and he was most particular about his wines and brandies. Jefferson's state dinners were usually limited to about forty guests. The large dining room was not considered finished, so when his guests were numerous he had a long table placed in the center of the great east room, and dismal enough it must have been, with its bare walls, many windows and drafts and insufficient light from the candles, which dropped wax tears at every wind which blew up from the Potomac. No wonder Jefferson and several of his successors looked forward dismally to the state affairs and cheerfully to the informal dinners.—Harper Magazine.

How Servia Dines.

Table manners amount to very little among the Servians. There is a perfect babel of conversation, the band shrieks and groans and wails, and amid the din the waiters hurry hither and thither. Some aggressive looking Servian, with a waist belt full of pistols and knives, will swagger contemptuously up and down the room. Others of the local [illegible] form a group at another table, their smart uniforms a strange contrast to the medley of the others. Then they become uproariously intoxicated and sing national songs to the music of the orchestra, while mine host, seated on a raised chair at the end of the room, beams affably upon his guests.—R. L. Jefferson in Wide World Magazine.

Catarrah of the nose and throat should lead you to at least ask us for a free trial box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrah Cure. Nothing so surely proves merit as a real, actual test—and Dr. Shoop, to prove this, earnestly desires that we let you make that test. This creamy, Snow White healing balm, soothes the throat and nostrils, and quickly purifies a foul or feverish breath. Call and investigate. All dealers.

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Cupid—Advertising Agent

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

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"What do you think of it?" the man asked the girl as she stood before the gate.

Slowly, scornfully, the girl surveyed the house and lawn, once beautiful, but now disfigured with large signboards proclaiming the virtues of Chee-Rup Breakfast Food.

"I think," said she forcefully, "that it is simply shameful."

"Oh, come now!" said the man. "Don't you think it rather enlivens the neighborhood? This aristocratic section of the town had seemed rather dull to me lately. By the way, how did you enjoy your trip?"

"Bob," said she severely, "don't try to change the subject. As soon as they told me what you had done while I was away I came right over here to persuade you to take them all down."

"Impossible!" he cried. "I've got a contract. You wouldn't want me to break a contract, would you?"

No, she wouldn't want him to do that. One of the nicest things about Bob was his trustworthiness. Moreover, she didn't know whether the law would allow him to break it.

"Oh, Bob," she cried in sorrow, "what made you put up these unsightly things? Can't you see how they spoil the looks of the whole street? From our veranda we look directly at that big yellow one: 'Why be blue? Eat Chee-Rup Breakfast Food and be happy.'"

There were tears in her eyes.

"Oh," she continued, "I was thinking how happy I'd be to see the dear old home again, and then you must spoil it all! Oh, Bob!"

Bob felt decidedly uncomfortable, yet happier than he had for several months. She had been homesick, not, of course, for him—that was impossible—but for the town as a whole, and he

"I THINK," SAID SHE FORCEFULLY, "THAT IT IS SIMPLY SHAMEFUL."

was a part of it. But to show his joy might spoil the plan, and it was too early in the game to risk anything.

"So," he said, carefully controlling his voice to the tones of polite interest—"so you did miss us!"

Miss them! She thought how intensely she had missed them—and him. Yes, Bob! During the three months of her absence she had come to long for the sound of his voice, the merry laugh in his eyes. How happy she had felt when she saw him at the station the night before! Not that she meant to show her change of feeling toward him. She had refused him too emphatically before sailing to willingly acknowledge that she had made a mistake. For a time she would not acknowledge it even to herself.

But she had never thought that Bob would so destroy the beauty of his home, the home she had learned to love.

"Bob," said she again, ignoring his last question, "why did you do it?"

"I'm leaving here soon," he said, outwardly calm.

"Leaving here?" she gasped.

"Yes," he answered nonchalantly. "I'm going to the city to be nearer my business, and as I don't care to sell this place or rent it I thought I ought to think up some way of making it pay the taxes at least."

"Oh, Bob!" she cried tearfully, ambiguously. "How could you?" Then she ran precipitately to her own home.

Bob gazed after her dubiously. Perhaps her father was right, but he doubted it. Of course she had always loved Bob's place, and her ideals of beauty were both sensitive and militant. The house and yard certainly did look a sight too. The plan was worth trying. Bob felt that anything that might make her reconsider her answer to the great question which he had propounded to her was worth trying, and the income derived from the ads. was not inconsiderable. The papers had devoted a great deal of space to the discussion of the signboards being installed on such beautiful private property, and consequently the Chee-Rup food had received a great quantity of free advertising.

That night at dinner the girl informed her family that Bob was planning to move to town.

"Ah," said her father, "I heard he had a young woman on the string down there. He is very attentive to her, they say. Of course I wouldn't tell you if I thought that there was any possibility of your reconsidering the answer you gave Bob in the spring. You can't blame the boy for seeking consolation, and they say that she is very wealthy."

The girl forced herself to eat her salad calmly. So that was the reason he had taken her homecoming so easily. Another woman had captured his fancy. Well, she would keep her secret.

The next day Bob came over to the house for a conference with her father. Meeting him in the hallway, she questioned him as to the day of his departure, although she hated herself for doing it.

"Oh, in about a month!" said Bob indifferently and hurriedly.

How different from the way he used to speak to her, she thought.

During that month Bob made many trips to the city, and each morning the girl woke up to gaze from her windows at the signs with a deep accentuation of the hatred with which she had regarded them on the first day of her return. To her they began to seem the personification of the woman that had taken Bob from her—the cold, calculating business spirit. How she hated those signs! It seemed to her as if she would do anything to get rid of them. Must she live within their sight all her life, constantly reminding her of the love she had lost? The thought was unendurable, and she appealed to her father.

"I can't do anything," said he. "Bob has a contract with the Chee-Rup company, and he must live up to it. If only you had been kind to him this wouldn't have happened. To my mind it only shows what good sense Bob has. This place has no more attractions for him, so why not make it yield an income?"

The evening before the day set by Bob for his departure he called. The girl was seated on her veranda as far as possible from the sight of the signboards. Her parents had gone out for the evening, and she received Bob with a strange, sinking feeling. This might be the last time he would come to see her—alone.

"Bob," said she when he had seated himself at a safe distance—"Bob, now that you are going away, probably forever, can't you do something about those awful signboards?"

He regarded her quizzically.

"I wish I could," said he, "but you see the Chee-Rup company's contract runs for ten years, and the advertisement has proved to be so good that they would not release me unless I paid a sum of money that would absolutely break me."

Ten years! A life time!

"Bob," she cried impulsively, "I would be willing to do anything to get rid of those dreadful signs!"

Bob looked at her quickly. This was his hour. Her father and mother had even encouraged him to hope, but he hesitated at wagering his happiness on a short sentence. Nevertheless he must make the plunge some time, and the present moment seemed as propitious as any.

"So you would really like to get rid of them?" he asked. "Well, I believe we could arrange that with the company satisfactorily if you could reconsider your decision of some months ago."

She looked at him unsteadily.

"Why, Bob," she said, "I believe that you are asking me to marry you again!"

"That's just what I am doing," he said excitedly. "What's your answer?"

"But that other woman!" she cried.

He gazed at her in well simulated amazement.

"What other woman?" he asked.

"That wealthy one in the city—that business woman whom my father said you had on the string."

Bob smiled broadly.

"You evidently misunderstood in what connection I had her on the string. We are going to sell her the business."

The girl looked at him happily.

"If that's the case," said she, "I suppose I might change my answer to that question if you are sure about taking down those signs. You mustn't sacrifice a lot of money to those people, Bob. We'll need some."

"No, I'll not," said he as he folded her in his arms. "You see, your father and I happen to be the Chee-Rup Breakfast Food company, although we are on the point of selling the business to that woman in the city, and so, I guess, there will be no trouble about having that contract annulled."

Italians and Wheat Flour.

The Italian housewives of the poorer classes seem to have one unchangeable recipe for baking. Agents of charitable societies have found this out by the women always asking for a certain number of pounds of flour, just enough for one baking, in their grocery lists. They make the flour into a number of loaves, which, put into one pan, bake into one great loaf. The size of the family seems to make no difference. If the family is small, the bread simply lasts a little longer and gets a little drier. The bread is very good when fresh. They do not use as much yeast as American cooks, and the bread is very crusty, something on the order of French bread. The poorest families also use a great deal of "polenta." This is merely flour stirred into boiling water, after the manner of old fashioned American "hasty pudding," only that flour is used instead of cornmeal. No people in the world are so devoted to wheat flour as the Italians. Whether in the form of bread, polenta or the omnipresent macaroni, it forms the bulk of their diet.—New York Globe.

The Wassail Bowl.

Some of the old English fashions of keeping the day have become obsolete. Drinking from the "wassail bowl" was one of the popular ways of merry-making. The head of the house would assemble his family around a bowl of spiced ale called the wassail bowl, the name being derived from the ancient Saxon phrase "wass hael," meaning "to your health." And after drinking to their long life and happiness the bowl was passed that all might share it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A New Year Motto.

"Nothing is impossible to the man who can will," said Mirabeau. "Is that necessary? Then that shall be." This is the only law of success.

The Passing of the Years

WHEN you feel you're growing older as your hair is turning gray,
When you take to wearing glasses and you dread a stormy day,
When you hug the fire in winter and avoid the summer sun
And your dressing gown and slippers seem so nice when work is done,
You wonder why you haven't done the work you planned to do,
The work undone from years agone keeps crowding on the new,
And you don't accomplish all you wish, however hard you try,
Oh, do you ever notice how the years whiz by?

You meant to do the things this year you failed to do the last,
You tried to do them then, of course, but time went flying past,
Your fortune wasn't made as planned, your picture wasn't painted,
Your poem didn't evolute, you're not with fame acquainted,
The statue still unchiseled and the book you didn't write
Float mocking through the visions that visit you at night,
In youth it often seemed that time on leaden wings did fly,
It's different now. Good gracious, how the years whiz by!

"GOOD GRACIOUS, HOW THE YEARS WHIZ BY!"

We're existing and assisting in a very rapid age;
We bow before the footlights, then we're hustled off the stage.
With a few more Santos Dumonts we shall sail among the stars;
An auto aero street car line will soon be run to Mars.
With Tesla and Marconi and the wireless telegraph
The impossible's accomplished and all obstacles are chaff.
Alas, all these things only make existence faster fly!
Oh, it's really something awful how the years whiz by!

Each morning when you rise you think the hill of fame to climb;
Each evening brings the haunting fear you've not sufficient time.
The fearful rate at which this world revolves upon its axis
Leaves us no time for anything excepting death and taxes.
If something doesn't intervene to moderate our pace
We'll fly off at a tangent and go whirling into space.
Time's scorching pace does limit so our aspirations high
We scarce get fairly started till our life's whizzed by.

—Viola Gardner Brown in New York Tribune.

New Year's Fortune Telling.

If the Italian girl desires further light on her matrimonial future she fills, in the twilight of New Year's eve, a cup full of water. The light is only sufficient for her to see the outline of the cup. This she exposes in a place where the water can freeze after she has dropped into it a bit of thread. As soon as she is awake in the morning she runs out to see the result of the experiment. Her fortune depends upon the shape which the thread has assumed in the water, she being aided in her deductions by an old woman.

Driving Out the Devil.

In the Peloponnesus of Greece the people of every country community assemble en masse and endeavor to make the new year safe by driving the devil out of the neighborhood, this operation being performed with the aid of firearms, horns, trumpets, pans, kettles or anything that will make a noise, supplemented by yells, shouts and screams.

Each Day a New Life.

Each year is a new life and an abridgment of the whole. I will so live as if I counted every day my first and my last; as if I began to live but then and should live no more afterward.—Bishop Hall.

At the Yildiz Kiosk.

The sultan of Turkey still keeps the royal rule of New Year's presents in working order, and all dignitaries and officials perfectly understand that a good sized contribution must be forthcoming.

On Other Days Too.

It is a sign of good luck to receive money on New Year's day. It means that you will not want for it all the year round.

Two Kinds of Insomnia.

"When Nan was engaged to Jack she didn't get enough sleep because she had to lie awake and think how much she loved him."

"Well?"

"And now their engagement is broken, and now she doesn't get enough sleep because she has to lie awake to hate him."

"ARMLESS AND LEGLESS."

Queer Toast at Quceer Dinner of a New York Broker.

It would be difficult to give a more eccentric party than one held in New York last New Year's day. It was the idea of a wealthy broker of that city and was held at his private residence, which was specially decorated for the occasion.

The guests were twelve men who had lost a leg and twelve women who had only one arm each. They were entertained to quite a magnificent repast, in the preparation of which particular regard was paid to the fact of the ladies having but one hand with which to help themselves at table.

As they "paired" into the dining room the guests presented a curious yet pathetic spectacle, and after dinner each was invited to tell the company how he or she happened to lose his or her missing limb, the one who had lost it in the most curious manner being promised by the host a reward of $25.

This was won by a mute guest, whose leg had to be amputated through having been mauled by a tiger in a menagerie where the man was employed. The toast of "The armless and legless throughout the world" was drunk with enthusiasm before the company dispersed.—New York Times.

COFFIN ON THEIR TABLE.

Grewsome New Year's Dinner of Jovial Undertakers.

Three or four years ago there was an undertakers' New Year's dinner in a certain north of England town. The guests all drove to the rendezvous in mourning coaches and attired in full regulation somber clothes.

On entering the dining room they found it draped in black and decorated profusely with artificial and other wreaths. Even the tablecloth was adorned with a broad black border, and in the center of the table there was a miniature coffin filled with choice flowers.

The guests, however, did not fail to enjoy themselves, for the dinner was a good one, well served and to everybody's liking. When the chairman rose to propose the toast of the evening, "Health to ourselves and prosperity to our business during the new year," he was greeted with a storm of applause, albeit the latter part of the toast would not be received with much enthusiasm in an ordinary company.

During the evening appropriate songs, such as "The Gravedigger," "Down Among the Dead Men," "I Took His Measure," and similar cheerful ditties, were excellently rendered.—Pearson's Weekly.

When the Kaiser Was Young.

Emperor William II., when a young and lively roisterer, was fond of joining in the New Year's sport of "knocking hats" and desisted from it only after receiving a severe injury to his right hand. There was an old gentleman of the court who regularly every year lost one or more silk hats by walking abroad on New Year's day with the tabooed headgear. Finally resolving to get even with his persecutors, he had a leather skullcap made, studded with horseshoe nails that had been carefully sharpened for the occasion, and after adjusting his porcupine headpiece he sallied forth into the street full of confidence that the first person that spoiled his hat would get the worst of the encounter. Along came the future emperor, with two or three boon companions, and in a jiffy the princely fist descended on the offending tile. The consequences were dire, for two or three of the nails went quite through the prince's hand, which was so badly torn that for awhile there was fear he would lose it.—Philadelphia Press.

"Honest Graft" in Henry's Day.

The practice of sending presents on New Year's day has often been turned to advantage by people who were in a position to make it unpleasant for others. In the olden days it was customary for every tenant to make his landlord a New Year's gift and for every loyal subject of a baron, knight or king to testify his loyalty by sending his master a gift. This custom was regarded with such favor by the money loving Tudor sovereigns that they let their wish be distinctly understood that the presents should take the form of cash, and there is a curious manuscript memorandum by the Marquis of Bath, who held an official position in the court of Henry VIII. It contains a list of all those who made presents to the king on New Year's day of that year, together with the amount contributed by each, the sum total considerably exceeding £7,000.

Mohammed's New Year Motto.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Exhorting your fellow men to virtuous deeds is charity. Smiling in your brother's face is charity. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies mortals will ask, "What property has he left behind him?" but angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"—Mohammed.

New Year's on Skates.

In Holland on New Year's the people may be seen skating along the canals in gay holiday attire. In Scandinavia the picture is similar, while in Russia, wrapped to the ears in furs, the people travel around in sledges to make their New Year calls, but not on the same day that we are making ours, for their Jan. 1 falls twelve days earlier, Russia being the only Christian country where the Julian calendar is still used.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Ahead.

"They say that Shifter is ten years ahead of his time."

"Well, it's not true. I'm his landlord, and I know he's just six months behind."

Be grateful for every hour and accept whatever it brings.—Thoreau.

The Bedouin of Socotra.

The Bedouin is decidedly a handsome individual, lithe of limb like his goats and with a cafe au lait colored skin. He has a sharp profile, excellent teeth. He often wears a stubby black beard and has beautifully penciled eyebrows, and, though differing entirely in language, in physique and type, he closely resembles the Bedouin found in the Mahri and Gara mountains. Furthermore, the mode of life is the same—dwelling in caves when necessary, but having permanent abodes on the lower lands—and they have several other striking points in common. Greetings take place between the Arabian Bedouins and the Socotran Bedouins in similar fashion—by touching each cheek and then rubbing the nose. We found the Bedouin of Mount Haghier fond of dancing and playing his teherane, and also peculiarly lax in his religious observances, and, though ostensibly conforming to Mohammedan practice, he observes next to none of their precepts, and it is precisely the same with the Bedouins whom we met in the Gara mountains. There is certainly nothing African about the Socotran Bedouin. Therefore I am inclined to consider him as a branch of that aboriginal race which inhabited Arabia, with a language of its own.—Nineteenth Century.

Sunshine Comin' By an' By.

New Year's now is on de way,
Heaps of fun before us.
Christmas day done pass away;
Honey, jine de chorus.
If one day don't suit you, why,
Dar'll be plenty mo' to try;
Git a good one by an' by;
Honey, jine de chorus.
Maybe storm clouds in de sky
Hang a-threatenin' o'er us;
Sunshine comin' by an' by;
Honey, jine de chorus.
Dis here life is like a song—
Some time sad an' some time strong,
Some time short an' some time long.
Honey, jine de chorus.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup containing honey and tar is especially appropriate for children, no opiates or poisons of any character, conforms to the conditions of the National Pure Food and Drug Law, June 30, 1906. For croup, whooping cough, etc. It expels coughs and colds by gently moving the bowels. Guaranteed. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

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